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The Week

THE most important event of the week, and of many weeks, is the completion of the Dawes report to the Reparations Commission. While the official text has not been announced as we go to press, the correspondents' advance versions differ only in unimportant details. No total sum of reparations is fixed but Germany is to pay 2,500,000,000 gold marks annually beginning in 1929, and smaller sums and particularly, reparations in kind, in the meantime. No moratorium is provided, but a $200,000,000 loan is to be floated mainly in the United States and its proceeds will go to the Allies. The latter will have complete control of the German railroads for fifty years. The annual payments, beginning in 1929, are expected to include 1,250,000,000 gold marks from taxes, 660,000,000 from the railroads, 290,000,000 from other transportation taxes and 300,000,000 from debentures based on industries. The new gold bank is to be controlled nominally by a board of fourteen of whom one half are to be Germans. The occupation of the Ruhr and the question of the Rhineland are not mentioned in the report.

WHILE extended comment should be reserved until the official text has appeared, we believe we are fully justified in the statement that any hope of peace in Europe which was based on the Dawes committee must now be abandoned. As we predicted weeks ago that they would do, General Dawes and his associates have produced a political report which has no relation to reality. Germany's capacity to pay is not a thing determinable by compiling figures. It is first of all a psychological problem. Germany will pay only if and when she believes that she is to be given reasonably fair treatment and a chance to live. The minimum essentials are the fixing of total reparations at a fair amount and the evacuation of the Ruhr. No report of experts which leaves out these two vital points is more than waste paper. The recent outbreak of violent nationalism in the Reich, which has reached a temporary climax in the failure to punish the participants in the Hitler-Ludendorff coup is a natural expression of the despair of Germany, nearly six years after the Armistice, to find that the victorious Allies have still no intention of imposing on her peace terms such as she can fulfill. Deeply as we regret the nationalist and monarchical spirit now rising in Germany, we are chiefly surprised that it has been so long delayed.

FROM the standpoint of those who hope for peace and understanding it is regrettable that the French elections will take place a few days after those in Germany. The latter will of course result in a swing to the extreme right and a corresponding though lesser swing to the extreme left. Such a result will be interpreted in France as a gesture of defiance and will probably aid Poincaré in so far as the French election will turn upon the wisdom of continued occupancy of the Ruhr. A few weeks ago his place was in grave danger because of the fall of the franc. Thanks chiefly to the J. P. Morgan credit that difficulty has been postponed. It was understood at the time that this money had been loaned on a promise that France would abide by the terms of the Dawes report. The mystery of such an abject promise is now explained: M. Poincaré evidently had good reason to know that the Dawes committee would produce a document which fitted French plans to a nicety.

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THE joint campaign of the Republican party, most of the leading conservative newspapers, and important business men against the investigations by the Wheeler and Walsh committees has partially succeeded. Enough sentiment against the investigations has been created through the country to jeopardize their continuance. On the floor of the Senate a resolution demanding an inquiry into the affairs of the Treasury Department has been defeated. The Walsh committee is expected to wind up its activities before long. The Wheeler investigation, following the ousting of Daugherty, obviously felt the pressure of public opinion hostile to its continuance. It is our conviction that if these forces pleading for the maintenance of the status quo and an end of the investigations should be entirely successful it would be a disaster of the first order to democratic government. The faith of the nation in its rulers has been profoundly shaken. It cannot be restored until the people are convinced that they know all there is to know of the sorry tale of bribery and corruption, and that the process of cleaning up has begun at the beginning.

THIS propaganda has been skilfully interlinked with the public's anger toward the do-nothing policy of Congress. We have been told that the failure to pass any important bills may be attributed to absorption in the investigations. Never was worse nonsense uttered. The Wheeler committee has five members, the Walsh committee, thirteen, of whom not more than six or seven are usually present. These committees sit about two hours a day beginning at 10:30 A. M., so that even the members need not miss a Senate session. Messrs. Walsh and Wheeler, it is true, have been too busy to do much outside work; but there is no reason under Heaven why the other ninety-four members of the Senate should not have passed every bill included in President Coolidge's famous list of thirty-three—if they had wanted to.

EVERY Washington observer knows that this Congress would have acted exactly as it has, even had the scandals never been heard of. In both Senate and House, membership is so evenly divided between Democrats and Republicans that the balance of power is held by a little group of progressives, most of whom are nominally Republican, but none of whom have any desire to help the Coolidge machine. The obvious policy of the Democrats in this session, on the eve of a national election, has been to hamstring all the legislation on the Republican program; the progressive group for reasons of their own have aided the Democrats in this endeavor. There is nothing new in this situation; it has become a truism that unless the administration possesses a solid majority in both houses, no important legislation may be expected during a presidential year. The conservative newspapers which are rending the heavens with their outcries against the senatorial investigations know this very well; but any stick is good enough to beat a dog when you never liked that dog from the beginning.

IN an extraordinary editorial the New York Times seeks to defend the policy of those newspapers which, as the New Republic has pointed out, have plenty of moral indignation to vent against the Senate committees but little or none to waste on the corruptionists whom those committees have exposed. The Times takes exception to "public instructors" who tell the average man "that he ought to be filled with consuming indignation against every man in official life whose name has been brought under suspicion." The Times' criticism would be well founded if any "public instructor" existed insane enough to follow such a course; but as everyone with a grain of sense is aware, such journals are to be found only in the show window of the Times' bogy factory. The American people, the Times' editorial continues, "are not such fools or hypocrites as to believe it necessary to keep on proclaiming the fact that they are on the side of virtue and against all forms of crime." This "is one of the things which they think all decent people agree about, but which decent people do not parade as if it constituted a special merit."

THE worthy editor of the Times takes far too much for granted. He ignores the large and powerful group in the United States which has fought the investigations from the beginning and is still fighting them, which desires only to see the inquiries halted and whatever wrongdoing remains unrevealed, hushed up permanently. This is clearly the attitude of the Republican National Committee, as evidenced in the news releases of its publicity bureau. It is the attitude of such men as Senator Pepper, who boasts that only thirty percent of the President's Cabinet was either corrupt or incompetent—a boast which may prove premature and subject to revision when the returns are all in. The Times, despite its editorial policy, has in its news columns performed an admirable public service by printing in detail all the important revelations. But what shall be said for those conservative newspapers which belittle the investigation by printing only a brief summary of the news, and in some cases burying it inconspicuously on an inside page?

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL prophesies the future government of Europe by opulent American capitalism, and he wishes the process to begin now. He suggests as a desirable immediate expedient to improve conditions in Europe an early demand on France by the American government for

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the payment of her debt to this country. His expectation is that such a demand would undermine French credit, diminish French prestige and weaken French power to damage Germany and prevent the recovery of Europe. No doubt if the American government did demand the payment of the French debt, the result would be to weaken the thrust of French egotistic aggression, but we should nevertheless deplore the attainment of the proposed result by the proposed means. The United States would in that event behave towards France in something the same way that France is behaving towards Germany. It would be injuring France by proposing to collect a legal debt without considering how much of the debt was just as well as legal and how much the debtor could reasonably be asked to pay. It would be converting a debt which we loaned to France under solemn circumstances in order to promote a common object into a weapon of warfare against France. How could Americans justify such behavior to their own consciences and how could they blame Frenchmen in that event for cherishing against them a fierce resentment?

WHENEVER the French policy towards Germany does finally involve both countries in ruin, as we believe it will, the French should have no sufficient excuse for blaming anyone but themselves for their own misfortunes. Of course they will in that event begin by blaming other countries. They will blame the Germans for not submitting without protest to the extinction of political and economic independence. They will blame their former Allies for not keeping France going until Germany was utterly subjugated. But in that case their own common sense will convince them in the long run of the absurdity of cherishing such grievances. On the other hand if they can trace their collapse when it occurs to some hostile act on the part of this country, they would with some reason console themselves with the idea that their policy failed not because of its own intrinsic violence, vindictiveness, and extravagance but because of an attack on an exposed flank by their former ally. They are not entitled to this consolation and the American government should not take any action which might provide them with such a convenient moral shock-absorber. Neither should it assume the amount of responsibility for the future government of Europe which such active interference would imply. American capitalism, as directed either by the state or the bankers, would run the affairs of Europe much worse than Europeans can run their own affairs, and we hope that Mr. Bertrand Russell, in predicting the advent of this government, is a doubtful prophet as well as a doubtful adviser.

THE first genuinely excellent appointment President Coolidge has made since he took office is that of Harlan Fiske Stone, retiring dean of Columbia Law School, to be Attorney-General. Dean Stone is as far as possible from men of the Daugherty stamp. A distinguished lawyer and public citizen, with a brilliant record of achievement, he is an ideal selection for the hard task of restoring confidence in the honesty of the department. He is already on record in unequivocal terms as opposing the continuous and outrageous attempts for six years and during two administrations to frighten the American people by tales of a cooked-up Bolshevist menace, tales which only too patently covered the plans of sinister private interests to terrorize the world of labor and keep it servile. We may take it for granted that there will be no more nonsense of this character under Dean Stone. We may expect also that he will reform the vicious practice during recent years of making the appointments to federal judgeships the football of sordid political patronage—a practice which has militated against impartial justice as must obviously be the case when a judge owes his appointment to the government official who subsequently pleads before him as counsel.

THE greatest task by which Dean Stone is confronted is, of course, the cleaning up of the entire Department. If William J. Burns does not, as he ought to, resign, he should be summarily removed from office. Whatever his personal responsibility may be, he is identified in the public mind with the whole elaborate system of spies and terrorization which has grown up in Washington since the war. Agents of his bureau have admittedly been guilty of rifling the desks of senators in the endeavor to find damaging documents and defeat the course of justice. Mr. Burns may be completely without guilt as an individual; but the public will never believe that the department has experienced the needed reformation until he is removed. Undoubtedly, every effort will be made to prevent real reformation by Dean Stone. The remnants of the Daugherty gang will do their utmost to block and hinder the new Attorney-General at every turn. To meet these efforts and triumph, he will need to display extraordinary firmness and vigor of character. He will require an iron hand such as no past experience in his career has required. The New Republic believes Dean Stone is capable of exhibiting that iron hand. It congratulates him on his great opportunity.

THE appointment of Dr. Elwood Mead as Commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation stands out as another of the very few instances in which our federal government has found the best man for the job. Dr. Mead is our most competent authority on reclamation economics. He knows what has been done throughout the world in the way of reclamation and settlement, and what is still more to the point, he has put in operation, both in California and in Australia, highly successful

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public settlement projects on reclaimed lands. He is a man of strong democratic instincts, actively sympathetic with the settler struggling to realize on the promise of his holding in a newly reclaimed district. At the same time he is hard-headed enough to realize the multitudinous methods by which the settler tries to take advantage of the government. It is often said that our reclamation projects in the arid territories have been brilliant successes from an engineering point of view, but frequently sad failures from the point of view of economics. If Dr. Mead is given a free hand the economics of reclamation will be handled with a competence and firmness to insure genuine success.

THE following excerpt from a letter recently received from a correspondent who practices law in one of the richest agricultural counties of Nebraska offers as clear a picture as we have seen of the economic conditions prevailing over much of the central west:

> Checks don't mean what they used to in Nebraska. A few days ago, a man convicted of giving a worthless check, paid his fine with a check which proved to be worthless. When we get checks nowadays, we know that we have a memorandum of the indebtedness and that is all we know till the checks clear. There was a time when most checks were honored whether the drawer had funds with the drawee bank or not, but that is now purely historic. And so many fellows who have always been good have shown themselves dishonest when they got hard up, that we no longer make any distinction among men. Farm sales have received a black eye. It too often happens that someone buys a cow, takes her off without settling and sells her at once for whatever he can get in cash. The morale of the community never was so bad. Debtors once feared their creditors, but now they laugh at them. I took a judgment this week on a $500.00 note against a man who owns 560 acres of land. It was the first time he was ever sued on a note in his life. He was in the office a few days before the case was set asking me for a continuance. I told him I would grant the continuance if he would pay fifty cents for a telephone call to my client, a bank in Seneca, but he couldn't dig up the fifty cents and had to go to trial. The owner of a quarter section which was under foreclosure was two weeks in borrowing $10.00 to pay to me for obtaining a nine months' stay of sale. Most lawyers are now able to draw foreclosure petitions—rather technical documents—with the greatest ease. Banks are in constant dread of the debtor who comes in and offers them a deed to his farm. The banks will soon be, if they are not now, the largest land owners in the community. This may all sound bad, but we are used to it and enjoy life as of yore.

AT Northwestern University, hysterical advocates of bigger and better wars have terrorized the campus, paraded in uniform, produced a near-riot at a meeting to discuss the youth movement in Germany. At Columbia the virtuous Nordics, discovering a Negro domiciled in a college dormitory, have threatened him with death, burned a Ku Klux cross on the campus at midnight and otherwise demonstrated themselves to be true sons of the doctrine of liberty, equality, fraternity. At Harvard, it appearing that the sacred precincts of the Union were in danger of being invaded by liberal or even radical speakers, a censorship committee has been set up consisting of faculty members and hand-picked students. We pluck these fruits from the perennial tree of collegiate ignorance, intolerance and bigotry only to remind our readers that just because men call themselves college professors and college students is no infallible sign of either mental powers or breadth of view. As long as colleges continue to exist largely in order to give a social cachet to the sons of the upper middle class, we may expect to have the social ideals—or lack of them—among the members of that class painfully exhibited on our campuses.

THE political pot, despite its large number of watchers, is already boiling if not merrily, at least with great heat. Senator Pepper has made a Republican keynote speech in which with the usual inconsistency of the politician he has laid all possible blame at the door of President Harding and at the same time has declared that he who asperses the dead President proves himself a "political ghoul." In Wisconsin, La Follette has snowed Coolidge under, and Al Smith, who was not running and has never been in Wisconsin in his life, has beaten McAdoo three to two. Governor Preus of Minnesota adds to the Republican gloom by announcing that the West is ripe for a third party, and that La Follette, heading such a ticket would certainly carry Wisconsin, Minnesota, the two Dakotas and Montana and perhaps Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado. As Senator Borah denounces the policy of permitting commercial interests to contribute to campaign funds of both parties, the politicians are reported in a desperate still hunt for strong vice-presidential candidates, on the theory that the Electoral College will be without a majority, that the House, voting by state delegations, will be unable to elect and that the country will be guided for four years by a Vice-President chosen through the Senate. Inasmuch as there is a conspicuous dearth of good men for even the presidential nominations of the two major parties, the search for demi-gods as vice-presidential nominees seems somewhat discouraging.

THE Ku Klux Klan has returned to one of its favorite amusements by murdering two men, fatally wounding two more and severely injuring thirteen at Lilly, Pennsylvania. The parfait gentil Knights who performed this little courtesy were visitors from Johnstown; and with char-

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acteristic caution they fired their deadly shots only as their train was about to pull out. They resorted to assassination because someone had turned a stream of water upon their parade. This incident ought to mean the death knell of the organization; but it probably will not. So many people in America now heartily approve of the methods of the Fascisti, the Ku Klux Klan and their earnest imitators in the American Legion, that a few murders of unarmed men become only an incident of the day's news to be greeted with approval. After all, the shooters belonged to the sacred Nordics; and a Nordic can do no wrong.

The Republicans' Defence: Bluff or Apology?

INTELLIGENT Republicans would do well to consider more attentively and more candidly than they are now doing the morally shabby appearance which their party is putting up as a result of the attitude which President Coolidge and the other major Republicans have assumed toward the exposures of the past winter. They are not analyzing and facing the realities of their party's present predicament and they are, consequently, drifting into a still more dangerous predicament, the discomforts of which they cannot tolerate unless they lie about it to themselves and to one another. At best they must assume a severe loss. President Harding's "mistakes" have made such a loss inevitable. But the kind of loss which they prefer to take and the kind of measures which they adopt to earn a renewal of public confidence are important matters which will gravely affect the future conduct and morale of their party. Their morale is disintegrating because they will not face this necessity and decide what is the least costly method of regaining for their party self-assurance and public confidence. They are divided about what course they ought to adopt, between two factions, one of which seeks to extricate the party by equivocation and the other by falsehood.

Senator Pepper's "keynote" speech before the Maine Republican convention and Harry Daugherty's answer to that speech reveal the nature of the existing Republican predicament and the two opposing methods of handling it. The two factions consist of frank miscreants like Daugherty and his supporters who propose to stand pat, admit nothing and conduct the campaign as if Harding himself were running for reëlection. The other faction consists of equivocating apologists like Coolidge and Pepper who admit the existence of "terrible mistakes" and "errors in judgment" but evade the questions of responsibility for what has occurred. They seek shelter for themselves and their party behind the memory of a dead man and disqualify in advance from polite society any critics who raise the question of responsibility in connection with the late Mr. Har[illegible] by referring to them as "ghouls."

As between these two attitudes [illegible]t of Daugherty, the honest ruffian, and his [illegible]orters is intellectually and morally prefer[illegible] to that of Messrs. Coolidge and Pepper. F[illegible] Daugherty's point of view the Republican par[illegible] carrying on a war with the other parties for [illegible] opportunity to govern the country. He belie[illegible] transferring the ethics of international warfare [illegible] this domestic political struggle. Republicans are always in the right except when they rebel against their official leaders. No Republican should admit in public that any other Republican is guilty of wrong-doing. No Republican should inform on any other Republican whom he detects in wrong-doing unless authorized by superiors. Senator Pepper himself in his younger and more irresponsible days disqualified himself in Daugherty's eyes for Republican leadership by joining in the foul attack on that incarnation of regular Republican virtues in office —the former Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ballinger. From the Daugherty point of view only Democrats and insurgents can commit "terrible mistakes." All public statements from Republican sources about the performance of a Republican administration are comparable to military communiqués. The Republican party can admit reverses but not mistakes. If reverses occur, the Republican leaders should assume that their regular followers are so incorrigibly convinced of the infallibility of Republicanism that they will accept as a sufficient explanation of the reverse the best-appearing lie and the most imperturbable bluff that the standards of prevailing public opinion will permit.

The Coolidge and Pepper attitude differs from that of Daugherty chiefly in being less candid. They do, indeed, admit the existence of "terrible mistakes." Senator Pepper has even contemplated the spectacle of the structure of American government rocking to its foundations as the result of the misdeeds of Republican officials. But these admissions are essentially rhetorical. The Republican leaders who talk in this way show no disposition either to assist in the investigation or to root out of the departments the other officials who were involved in these "terrible mistakes." On the contrary all the Republican newspapers and politicians are doing their best to discredit the exposures by accusing the investigators of assassinating the characters of innocent men and by disparaging the injurious testimony. In actual practice they consider the behavior of other Republicans in office as both invulnerable and inviolable unless these errant Republicans have given themselves away and can actually be indicted for crime. In that case virtuous Republicans condemn them for committing "terrible mistakes," but no responsibility attaches to any Republican who cannot be indicted for the occurrence of these mistakes. The man who appointed them cannot be held responsible.

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He is dead. His party associates cannot be held responsible. There is no way of proving in court that they shared in the "mistakes." On the other hand some responsibility seems to attach to the Democrats. According to Senator Pepper they betray a shocking lack of patriotism in that they are aiming shafts at the Republican party for its "terrible mistakes," but are missing their quarry and landing their blows on "America." The only people who from Senator Pepper's point of view have conducted themselves badly since the exposures began are the Democrats and the progressives. The offence consists in criticizing a party like the Republican which is morally so invulnerable that it can fall into the most terrible mistakes without being responsible for them and without incurring thereby impairment of public confidence.

It does not require very much acumen to perceive that this Coolidge-Pepper apologetics is only a hypocritical version of the Daugherty doctrine. President Coolidge and his wing of the party behave as if everything which Daugherty assumes about the necessary impeccability of Republicanism were true. According to Daugherty a Republican can do no wrong in a communiqué and it is by means of buoyant communiqués that Republicanism must and will maintain its morale. According to Pepper, Republicans can do no wrong in a communiqué except when they are found out; and then only those who are found out can fairly be held responsible. But both factions now talk and believe as if all good Republicans should unite to prevent other Republicans from being found out and should invoke the shroud of a dead man to protect the guilty and to prevent the question of responsibility from being raised. The two doctrines are almost equally demoralizing, but is not Daugherty's more straightforward and more courageous?

Again we ask intelligent and sincere Republicans to reflect upon the predicament in which this sordid quarrel is involving their party. Organized Republicanism perpetrated a terrible mistake when it nominated a man for President of Harding's political outlook and associations. That mistake resulted inevitably in the appointment of corrupt men to office. Thousands of good Republicans knew of this corruption and conspired to conceal it, but it finally almost thrust itself into the public view. Under such circumstances we had anticipated that a fight within the party was bound to occur, but that it would take place between a faction of reformers which demanded a purging of the party organization and a faction which proposed to stand pat. It was a poor guess. No faction has appeared which seeks to clean up the party organization and its leadership. On the contrary its leaders and oracles are unanimous in concealing from themselves and from the public the existence of any but purely accidental and unaccountable flaws in the perfect body of Republicanism.

The only fight to which the exposure has given birth within the party is a fight between two groups which assume different attitudes toward the propaganda which Republicans ought to employ in order to extricate themselves from their predicament with least possible loss. Daugherty & Co. propose to admit nothing, and change nothing—to brazen their way out by bold prevarications and abundant abuse. Messrs. Coolidge and Pepper propose to admit and to change no more than they must, but to deny all liability, to refuse all reforms and to compensate by exposing the depravity of the Democrats and progressives and exalting Andrew Mellon as the consummate financial statesman of all the ages. It is not a handsome quarrel nor does it present an edifying alternative to intelligent Republicans. But it is forced on the party in its present deplorable form by the failure of President Coolidge to emancipate Republicanism from any further association with the Fall-Daugherty-McLean crowd. No great party with so many intelligent and honorable men among its members and with such a commendable record of public service has ever before in American history put up with so little sign of distress such an ignoble appearance.

Why Mr. Davis Shouldn't Run

THE prospect of a Democratic victory next fall is matched only by the paucity of fit candidates with which to achieve it. Among those frequently mentioned is John W. Davis, who is a declared candidate for the nomination. Mr. Davis has widely cast the spell of his personal charm. He is an engaging public figure. But his public record certainly does not reveal him in thought or action as a man who confronts the decisive issues of the day as a fighting liberal. To be sure, as Solicitor-General and as Ambassador to Great Britain, his energies and expressions were diverted from the field of contentious politics. But since his return in 1921, he has been either discreetly silent on the testing problems of domestic politics or indicated a distinctly anti-liberal slant or contented himself with fluent repetitions of hollow party shibboleths. At last he has avowed what he calls his "philosophy" and has thereby revealed his underlying attitude towards crucial questions of our national life.

Mr. Davis is under retainer by the house of Morgan. A friend suggested that he sever this connection with J. P. Morgan & Co., in order to place himself in an available position for the Democratic presidential nomination. Mr. Davis, being a man of sense and humor, naturally enough concluded that such a course would be too transparent to be effective or to be creditable. But these were not the reasons which he gave for declining his friend's suggestion. The grounds which he in fact assigned not only bear conclusively on Mr. Davis's availability, but they also serve to ventilate major concerns of American public life.

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The friend who wrote Mr. Davis was moved by the belief that one who had Mr. Davis's connection with the Morgan interests would not have the confidence of the people. Mr. Davis in his reply in effect assumes that such a belief merely represents a thoughtless prejudice of the sans-culottes—"a gust of popular opinion." One does not know which interpretation of this attitude disqualifies Mr. Davis more—that he believes it, or knowing better, seeks shelter behind it. For Mr. Davis wholly suppresses consideration of the enormous changes in the character of the practice of the leaders of the Bar, and the far-reaching psychological and political consequences due to these changes. The forces that shaped the all-around lawyer of the earlier history of this country, and the kind of citizen they produced, have been described by Mr. Justice Brandeis, while still at the Bar:

> Formerly the lawyer secured breadth of view largely through wide professional experience. Being a general practitioner, he was brought into contact with all phases of contemporary life. His education was not legal only; because his diversified clientage brought him, by the mere practice of his profession, an economic and social education. The relative smallness of the communities tended to make his practice diversified not only in the character of matters dealt with, but also in the character of his clients. For the same lawyer was apt to serve at one time or another, both rich and poor, both employer and employe.

But the last fifty years, Mr. Brandeis continues,

> have wrought a great change in professional life. Industrial development and the consequent growth of cities have led to a high degree of specialization—specialization not only in the nature and class of questions dealt with, but also specialization in the character of clientage.

The controlling fact is that latterly clients have had lawyers and not lawyers clients. The "great lawyers" as a rule are inextricably implicated in and with big business. Twenty years ago Lord Bryce noted that "Lawyers are now to a greater extent than formerly business men, a part of the great organized system of industrial and financial enterprise." What today constitutes leadership at the Bar has thus been portrayed by Dean Roscoe Pound:

> Today leadership seems to have passed to the client-caretaker. The office of a leader of the bar is a huge business organization. Its function is to advise, to organize, to re-organize, and direct business enterprises, to point out dangers and mark safe channels and to chart reefs for the business adventurer, and in our older communities to act, as one might say, as a steward for the absentee owners of our industries.

This specialized experience and these specialized associations unconsciously but inevitably influence the outlook of our leading lawyers. Since the stuff of politics is business and economics, the lawyer's business preoccupations and his saturation in the necessarily partial interests of business tend to give him the business outlook in politics. Like the rest of us, he is mastered by the material with which he works. The ideas with which one deals and the people with whom one mixes determine one's directions. Of course Mr. Davis resents the suggestion that any client of his "could control" his "political conscience." The influences at work are much more subtle. They are beyond Mr. Davis's own conscious direction. No man could possibly "control" Mr. Davis. But the currents of interest and attitude generated by past associations do control. For conscience is not a thing apart from the totality of the daily life—a virgin pilot aloft in the ivory tower. As a West Virginia practitioner Mr. Davis may have had the advantages of a diversified, smallish practice among all sorts and conditions of men. In New York City, as the leading member of the leading Morgan firm, he has been swept into a different milieu. He has become the close associate of the most powerful banking house in the world. He has ceased to be merely a distinguished advocate. He has become a director in enterprises of great economic power—the Atchison, the National Bank of Commerce, the United States Rubber Company. "Democracy," wrote Lord Bryce in his survey of Modern Democracies, "has no more persistent or insidious foe than the money power, to which we may say, as Dante said when he reached in his journey through hell the dwelling of the God of Riches, 'Here we found wealth, the great enemy.'" And of the six countries which Bryce surveyed "the United States has been that in which money has been most generally powerful during the last sixty years."

The subtle alchemy of Mr. Davis's associations is evident in some of his recent utterances and most strikingly in his reference to his profitable employment. He describes his law practice as, "within modest bounds, profitable." By his letter Mr. Davis has generously conceded the public relevance of the nature and size of his practice. Let us translate what he calls "modest bounds" into vulgar concreteness. Unless we are greatly in error, Mr. Davis's income through his connection with the Morgan law firm is not less than $100,000, and probably nearer $150,000. Apparently Mr. Davis is oblivious of the extraordinarily favored condition in which, as a result of his connection, he finds himself. Apparently he is oblivious of the great gulf which his statement reveals between himself and the average voter. Out of a total of 7,259,944 income tax payers for 1920, 6,578,373 had incomes below $5,000, and only 3,859 had incomes of $100,000 or above; out of a total of 6,662,176, in 1921, 5,734,967 had incomes below $5,000 and only 2,342 incomes of

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$100,000 or above. Our most vital political differences do now, and in days to come will still more, centre around the human implications back of the vast differences in these very high and low income tax brackets.

Mr. Davis's letter is a striking illustration of the extent to which we rationalize desires, or at least account favorably for our conduct. Mr. Davis is not content to rest his Morgan retainer on those ultimate grounds of preference which are open to every free man. He must account for himself on the score of duty. "Since the law, however, is a profession and not a trade, I conceive it to be the duty of the lawyer, just as it is the duty of the priest or the surgeon, to serve those who call upon him, unless indeed there is some insuperable obstacle in the way." Is it also the duty of the lawyer to become a director of the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fé, of the United States Rubber Company, of the National Bank of Commerce? Is it also the duty of the lawyer to become the business associate of such interlocking directors as Edward J. Berwind, Newcomb Carlton, F. L. Hine, W. C. Potter, V. P. Snyder, Charles Steele and H. B. Thayer?

But of course the lawyers' functions cannot be stated in terms of the doctors' or the priests' duties. To be sure a society in which any cause or individual has not at its disposal the power of adequate representation before the law is a society not founded upon law and untrue to its professions of the equal protection of the laws. The attitude of the leaders of the Bar for nearly a generation has in fact worked a denial of the equal protection of the laws. Mr. Choate, for instance, when called upon, did not feel it his duty to support the validity of legislation limiting the hours of labor for women. Attorney-General Palmer criticized certain lawyers for defending "the reds." In actual practice the leaders of the Bar have not recognized the duty to which Mr. Davis appeals. The simple truth is that on such cardinal issues as the regulation of trusts, the fixing of railway rates, public utility control, the relation between capital and labor, the leading lawyers of the United States have been engaged mainly in supporting the claims of the corporations, and the interests of the people have been represented in the main by men of very meagre legal ability.

The deep significance of this situation can be fully realized only if we clearly differentiate the lawyer's relation to society from that of the priest or surgeon. Priest and surgeon deal fundamentally with the individual; the lawyer's specialty is the relation of the individual to society. In the language of Mr. Root, "the law is a public profession by which, more than by any other profession, the economic life and the government of the country are moulded." And how have they moulded it since Reconstruction days? On the whole they have intensified, instead of helped to solve, the difficulties brought by the great concentration of capital; they have intensified instead of helped to solve the accumulating industrial conflict.

Few lawyers ever were confronted with a clearer choice than that which faced Mr. Davis on his return from London. Experience, circumstances, and endowment combined to offer him the great rewards and the ancient freedom of the unattached advocate. It was his to choose, and he chose a different path. He thereby withdrew from the service of the state talents which it ill can spare, and now, with all his gifts, he befogs the public mind with false conceptions as to the social implications of the legal profession.

The Greatness of Andrew Mellon

FOR the last two years the idea has been gaining currency among editors and members of chambers of commerce that Mr. Mellon is the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. If by this is meant that he has achieved greatness as a technical administrator of the huge business enterprises of the Treasury, we should neither accept the statement nor reject it. No more than the editors and speakers who accept it have we had the time to compare in detail the efficiency of the Treasury machine under Mellon with its efficiency under his numerous predecessors.

But this, we believe, is not what his admirers have in mind when they claim greatness for him. What really inspires their enthusiasm is the kind of financial policy he attempts to dictate to Congress. Alexander Hamilton, for good or for evil, worked out for the United States a fiscal system that facilitated the rapid accumulation of individual fortunes by the lucky few. Hamilton frankly championed the cause of the business classes as against the farmer and laborer. The relatively high standard of wages which prevailed in Hamilton's time seemed to him an evil which could, however, be cured by exploiting the possibilities of women's and children's labor. And the system of industrial protection built upon his plan actually achieved the result he hoped for, rapidly accumulating capital, on the one hand and a low paid working class on the other.

Andrew Mellon is just as vigorous and candid a champion of the business classes. He is equally convinced that they are the backbone of the country and that the fortunes of the lowly rise and fall with those of the rich. Hence, his argument for reducing the supertax. The rich may pay it, in the first instance, but everybody must suffer from it in the end, including the poor. Hence, too, his vigorous opposition to the soldiers' bonus. He does not set the bonus against relief to the smaller income-tax payer or to those who are most burdened by indirect taxes, excises or customs. He

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sets it against relief to the large tax-payer and on this basis condemns it utterly.

This bias in favor of wealth comes out most clearly in his diatribe against the proposal to increase the estate tax. That tax now yields $110,000,000. Under the rates proposed in the House bill the yield would be increased, according to Mr. Mellon's estimate, by only $12,000,000. In itself the item is insignificant, either as a matter of revenue or of class burden. But Mr. Mellon sees in it a matter of principle. Its maximum rate of forty percent is an attack on the property of the very rich, an entering wedge for the destruction of all private property. Mr. Mellon regards the estate tax as a step toward the condition of hopeless poverty in which Soviet Russia finds herself today. "For instance, assume that all inheritances, large and small were taxed forty percent. It would then be only two or three generations until private ownership of property would cease to exist."

We have pointed out in earlier issues that the logic by which Mr. Mellon has sought to support his class policies seldom holds. He has argued that the supertax, by driving funds into tax-exempt securities, reduces the capital available for industry, quite ignoring the fact that except in the case of new state and municipal borrowings, which must somehow be financed, every dollar of large capital that takes refuge in tax-exempt bonds expels from such investments a dollar that is available for industry. He has argued that the rich taxpayer is in a position to shift the tax to the poor through raising the price of the goods produced by the aid of his capital. In this argument he has ignored the fact that such a shifting would imply the utmost diversity in the prices of different parts of the supply of the same commodity, since some of the producers pay high income taxes and others pay low ones. After such samples of Mr. Mellon's logic we are warned to look closely to the logic of his attack on the estate tax.

Suppose that a forty percent tax on estates or inheritances were collected from all fortunes, great or small, would the result be, as Mr. Mellon argues, the destruction of private property in two or three generations? It would be, if all property were unproductive. Then an estate of $100,000 would shrink to $60,000 at the end of one generation, to $36,000 at the end of two, and so on. But very little of our $400,000,000,000 of national wealth is unproductive in this sense. The $60,000 left at the end of one generation has many years to earn revenue before the next time it is diminished by death. On the average, the best statisticians calculate, the intervals between the collection of inheritance taxes will be from thirty to thirty-five years. Put the time at thirty-two years, a conservative figure. At prevailing rates of interest compounded $60,000 earns $180,000 in thirty-two years. The owner of such an estate could restore it to $100,000 and still have $140,000 to spend.

But would he restore it, or would he prefer to consume the income and the capital too, in order to evade the tax? Every tax puts a premium on present consumption. But an inheritance tax of forty percent is, after all, equivalent only to an annual tax of one and one quarter percent, allowed to accumulate without interest for thirty-two years. As taxes go nowadays, this is not an oppressive burden. It could not carry us far on the road toward Soviet Russia.

The proposed estate tax levies the forty percent rate only on estates of $10,000,000 and upward. If it has any tendency toward breaking up estates, this tendency is limited to large fortunes. Secretary Mellon thinks that there is no need to break up large fortunes. They break up of themselves. "From shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations." If it were really true that great fortunes break up as a rule in three generations it would be highly desirable for the government to get some part of them before they were dissipated. But the saying, which may have held good in the middle of the last century, when it first gained currency, has very little validity in these days of secure investments and trusteed estates. Hereditary wealth is a perfectly practicable institution in present-day America. It may or may not be a menace to democracy. On this point opinions will differ, according to one's philosophy of life or class position.

If Secretary Mellon is a great man it is not by virtue of extraordinary reasoning power or well trained logic. Neither was Hamilton sure footed in his economic excursions. We may recall his answer to those who argued that the United States could not thrive in manufactures for want of capital. We had an important body of capital, he asserted. It consisted in the public debt. Nevertheless, as a spokesman of an economic class Hamilton was great. Mellon is an equally inspired spokesman of the same class, now grown vastly more powerful than in Hamilton's day. His intuitive choice of policies favoring that class is equally impeccable. Why should he not be called great, in the chambers of commerce and the bankers' conventions?

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Is Europe Dead?

MY friends beyond the sea are writing to me: "We all believe here that Europe is either already dead or still hopelessly stricken."

The entire community of Western European nations appears in the eyes of the Americans as something shabby, something ground between the millstones of too imprudent a life and too fatal a history. And, of course, France, above all other countries of Europe, strikes the American as the country of darkest eclipse and greatest decline. And so my American friends are asking me to give them my views on the subject of whether I believe that the American outlook upon Europe and France is an unwarranted disparagement requiring refutation.

There can be no doubt that people in America are a little too hasty in burying the Old World. I cannot help admitting, of course, that we Europeans are living in a very, very old world, and I am painfully cognizant of the ebb of European vitality. I shall go even farther: it is possible that at no period of our existence, throughout our brilliant and crowded history, were we ever so exhausted and disappointed as today.

It is a strange phenomenon: peoples and nations grow old, the same as individuals. It is as if their cumulative vitality and their collective heat of life were to expire on some sad day. No civilization has yet existed forever. And it is possible that the Egyptian civilization of which we, children of the twentieth century, speak as of something infinitely remote and antiquated, lasted longest and seemed destined to be eternal in the eyes of its contemporaries. In any event, when we compare the extent of our own civilization with that of Egypt, our years seem but days: in Egypt they had thousands of years to boast of, while we can hardly reach even the first unit of four figures.

World dominion in the domain of the spirit, the same as in the domain of physical power, was passed on from one civilization to another, and each joyous ascent was accomplished at the price of a sad descent. With mathematical accuracy and mathematical fatality, periods of rise were followed by periods of decline, and stupendous edifices built by man, as well as his logical systems and the whole contents of one civilization or another, crumbled into dust, leaving rarely any heirs. Thus it happened with the civilization of Egypt, and thus did a single night of Christianity lead to the collapse of the magnificent edifice of antiquity.

It has fallen to our lot to become the witnesses and contemporaries of the great European weariness, the great European eclipse. Up to our own days, for a period of about a thousand years, England exercised her world dominion. Now, however, the bottom is commencing to slip from under the feet of clay of this insular giant. The future undoubtedly belongs to the nations who are still novices upon the world stage. Such debutantes, both because of their youthfulness and their political and social conditions, I am inclined to see in the United States, the Central and South American republics, Japan and Russia. It is patent even to the most superficial observer that the world pendulum has already commenced to swing in the direction of these great political entities.

In this way, observing the world situation from the altitudes of a birds-eye view, and following the outlines of the great movements of history and of self-sufficient political moments, I cannot help partly agreeing with my American friends who speak of the decay of Europe.

There are, however, other considerations also which, in my firm conviction, are the only ones to elucidate the problem from every angle and to prevent somewhat hasty conclusions.

No matter how decrepit, disjointed, weary and disappointed present-day Europe may be, it still remains the fountain-head of that civilization which arises in the younger countries beyond the seas and the altar-flame that kindles the fire of all the best souls and noblest aspirations. The Europe of today has by no means exhausted all the reserves of its vital sap, stored away in some unfathomably deep underground vaults. It has not even yet revealed all of its dogmas. And that stamp which was impressed upon it by the civilization of Chaldea and Egypt, that shadow which is cast by the Chaldeans and Egyptians upon the world of Plato's and Socrates's well-knit forms, all this is yet bound to make itself felt in the example of Europe. For, while the heritage of civilizations may not extend into thousands of years, it is safe to say that at least during the next few centuries the forms of human existence on our terrestrial sphere will be shaped under the strongest influence of European patterns.

I take the newest, strongest, most vital nations, I speak of those debutantes of today who are destined tomorrow to be the stars of the world stage, and—whether I like it or not—I am bound to say that their whole organization, their entire spiritual life, even all their achievements in the domain of technical advancement, carry to an enormous extent the hall-marks of original European workmanship. This influence of Europe is seen beyond all doubt in the case of all the Americas—Anglo-Saxons, Spanish and Portuguese. It is not quite so visible with the naked, inexperienced eye in the case of Japan, yet no less indubitable there too.

But in present-day Europe, nay, more, through-

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out the human race today, phenomena are beginning to manifest themselves which will within the near future prove to be of greater moment and importance than the swinging of the pendulum from England to America, from the civilization of the sunset to that of the sunrise. The order of the day in the world is now an immeasurably vast change in the entire fabric of human existence. Thus far it is only shaping itself, but there is nothing that can even begin to compare with the wealth and the variety of the consequences to be expected from this change. I refer, of course, to the broad masses who are today coming into power and who are tearing this power from the grip of the present masters with teeth and fists. Yesterday they were still mere tools in the hands of the cunning, and slaves in the bondage of the privileged ones. Did you stop to consider the fate which tomorrow holds in store for them? There will strike an hour —it were ridiculous as well as futile to attempt to prophesy just when that is going to happen—a twelfth hour, and the supreme power will revert to its natural source, to its natural carriers, the broad popular masses.

Fools and cowards are they who, for the sake of their petty personal interests, passionately strive to preserve the existing state of affairs, they in whom the innate hatred of any change, even the most beneficial, is strong, and those who because of sometimes even unconscious considerations are afflicted with a mania of conservatism—all these people and all these kinds of people may and should already begin to tremble. For no matter how they may try to halt the wheels of History it has already reached that turn in the road which reveals new vistas and where the hearts of the present generation are kindled in a fresh hope. Let them tremble and let them fear! For my own part, independently of my personal sympathies, I hold that it is possible to get used to the better and the best with the same ease with which our setting European civilization accustomed us to the bad and the worse.

It is this stupendous process of change which permits me to say that my friends beyond the ocean are rather hasty in burying old Europe. For when this new moment has arrived in the existence of the nations of Europe, the old countries of Europe will also appear like new. They will all be regenerated because the vast masses of the people are as virgin as fallow soil. They have not yet revealed themselves, but are bound to do so tomorrow, no matter how it may offend our sight, and no matter how it may grate upon our delicately trained sense of hearing to witness those initial upheavals and disharmonies which must usher in the appearance of the popular masses on the historical stage. I have always believed, I believe today, and I shall believe always in the virgin strength of the soil. Until now the people and the land have been laboring for others, for the few. Tomorrow they will begin to work for themselves, and no matter how the sceptics may smile, and the historians shower us with warning examples, the wheels of History will turn forward and he who refuses to accept the future will have to return to the past. The moment that witnesses the actual awakening of these sleeping and moribund old lands will signal the moment of resurrection for all mankind. And who can doubt that this stupendous change in our social system is bound to be followed by a new, incalculable harvest in the fields of art, culture and technical progress? The abolition of oppression, the straightening of Europe's crooked justice and crooked conscience, can only yield the very best of results.

Persisting in its present state of amorphous petrifaction, Europe can only die. The life of Europe is to be gained only by the birth of new forms of social existence. It will live only if the moribund elements of its society perish.

HENRI BARBUSSE.

The Farmer Is Waking Up

THE farmer is a victim of too great faith. He planted and plowed. Then, even as he waited for heaven's gift of sun and rain to make the yield, so for his price he trusted to arrangements made and provided in a realm beyond his ken. His not to reason why. His but to do, and for his doing take what that world in its wisdom might turn back to him. He grumbled, perhaps, at the smallness of his dole. It did not occur to him to doubt the system. He accepted it in the same way as he accepted the seasons.

Now in consternation, not to say bankruptcy, he is facing the accumulated consequences of his stubborn self-insulation. While he stayed apart, the rest combined. Urged by those who profited from handling his products and pushed on by his government, the farmer raced his neighbor in rate of production. The town shortened its work day. The country still toiled from stars to stars. The farmer trusted in the free play of supply and demand. Syndicated industry abolished the object of his trust. The farmer's unrestricted supply was exchanged for syndicated industry's restricted supply. The farmer's more and more was traded for the factory's less and less.

This was not all. The farmer held another trust. He counted on competition to regulate the passage of his products to the factory and vice versa. While he trusted, the distributing business

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made headway in substituting for the competition in which he trusted the art of "coöperation" for profit insurance.

We may disagree as to the extent to which this process has been perfected. To the extent that it has been—and few will doubt that the degree is large—the farmer is in a state of helplessness. He turns over his product carte blanche to the distributor. The latter exchanges it for so little of syndicated industry's product as the traffic will bear at that point. Of this the distributor turns back to the farmer as much less as the traffic will yet bear. The syndicated two of them take between them all that the traffic will bear. What's left is the farmer's. This may be greater or less according to circumstances, but always the farmer is the residuary legatee. He is the cracker of the economic whip. The price of his independence of his neighbor is dependence upon everybody else.

Farming virgin soil with quantity production machinery, the farmer was till lately able, despite these handicaps, to keep his feet after a fashion. Then suddenly at a time of particularly overstimulated production his foreign market shrank and he was left entirely to the mercy of his syndicated compatriots. In the late general deflation, organized trade and manufacture were able so to shift the blow as to stop their descent half way down. The undisciplined farmer went plump to the bottom where, very much stunned, he is yet. For his faith in an all-wise and just automatic economic providence beyond the bounds of his fields he was vouchsafed the bearing of his own burden and a part of the burden of the rest. The foreclosure statistics of the farming states bear witness to that.

The farmer has been a sleeping giant. We come now to the symptoms of his awakening.

When the farmer faced during the last four years the critical necessity of getting back to a parity with the surrounding powers, he was not utterly without resource. He faced a choice between surrender and fight. He could give up his home and his lifework as some of the best rural blood has been doing and leave agriculture to shrink into a domain for the peasant minded alone. The test found plenty who were not ready thus to take their blow lying down.

I have spoken of "the" farmer as individualistic and insulated. This has been true of most, but by no means all. For fifty years there has been growing among farmers a scepticism toward an extra-rural economic providence. A spirit of self-defence and of revolt has shown itself. From the rise of the grange in the late sixties no period has been without its farmer insurgency. This leaven has not leavened the whole lump, but it has grown from more to more. Incidentally, by the time the present crisis arose, it had blazed some clear trails.

The grangers as far back as the seventies had challenged the charges of distribution. Finding the western railroads with too free a hand in farmer pockets, they had struck out for government regulation of rates. The farmers pursued that aim persistently for forty years. Already grown distrustful of manufacturers and middlemen, the grangers tried manufacturing their own farm machinery and set up some farmer stores.

As the grange declined, the farmers' alliance arose. It, too, tried its farmer stores. Through its political offshoot, the "populist" party, it went on to government ownership of railroads and telegraphs. It advocated new facilities, such as direct election of senators and direct legislation for popular control of government. Here for the first time northern farmers showed doubt as to the divine inspiration of a tariff system which kept them selling cheap abroad and buying dear at home. The populists won a few western states but the sophisticated lawyers, lobbyists and politicians sent against their raw farmer statesmen easily nullified or greatly mitigated their victory.

The close of the old century had little to show for the work of revolt done through grange, alliance and populism. The little farmer stores had died like new-hatched chicks in a March wind. The farmer parties had shrunk to mere vestigial remains. The farmers were back in their old parties, trading though the old channels. Only in farmer minds remained a trace of the struggle. Then a new issue arose, and with it a new weapon.

The local buying of grain in the grain states had passed a few years before into the control of a few large concerns owning lines of elevators. Competition ceased. Grain prices fell. The farmers went to building elevators of their own. This was no light undertaking. The farmer elevators had not only the grain combine to meet but the railroads discriminated against them and the terminal markets were hostile. Had the farmers depended on their usual farmer corporations, their elevator ventures might have gone the way of the rest. But the farmers were beginning now to understand and accept the coöperative form of organization. They gradually formed themselves into coöperative associations with the limited return to capital, the one stockholder one vote, and the patronage dividend.

Thus buttressed, the farmer elevator stuck. Coöperative handling of staples for consumption followed—lumber, coal, farm machinery and even some coöperative general stores. When the tornado struck in 1920 the farmers in such states as Nebraska were well on the way to control of their local marketing both as producers and as consumers.

Successes were meanwhile achieved in special lines of production by another form of coöperation. The pooling association had arisen. Tobacco growers, wool growers, and producers of certain grain and nut crops and milk producers

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in the vicinity of large cities had found ways to combine effectively for collective bargaining. The blow which floored the farmers naturally carried down some of their joint enterprises. Yet the greater number survived. The coöperative movement was set back. It was not stunted or destroyed.

Such encouragement these farmers had when the crisis broke upon them to stand by their guns and fight for their farms. What had been done was but a beginning. But it was a sample. It pointed the way. By their own efforts the grain farmers had drawn the teeth of one monopoly. Producers' pools had eliminated the speculator and the broker in certain fields. Dairymen were manufacturing and distributing their own product. Coöperative buying had shown the way to control retail profits in goods for farmer consumption. Through their marketing associations live stock growers were following their cattle and hogs to the very packing house door. A farmers' organization had gained a seat on the Omaha grain exchange. A by-product of all this, perhaps most important of all, was farmer practice in non-isolation. The coöperative association, where strong, is one interest around which an entire community, regardless of race, religion, politics or degree of servitude can and does unite.

So much survived as furious a storm as American agriculture may ever be called upon to face. This vitality of farmer coöperation means that as to distribution, the farmer has his fate largely in his own hands. To make the circle complete there is needed a corresponding coöperation among city consumers. No small drag on the farmer's prosperity is the hurdle set between him and the city consumer by an extravagant system of food distribution there. When a cent's worth of the farmer's wheat appears on town tables as ten cents' worth of bread, or when his seven cent hog is consumable in no more accessible form than forty cent bacon, surpluses of these products cannot be dismissed as acts of God. Given fully organized farmers, however, they can be counted on to go through this wall.

The coöperative process has been slow but sure. It is laborious and to the insulated farmer more or less painful. He would rather not be bothered with it, hence the unending, abortive efforts at political price fixing instead. But it is the only method that has brought him permanent results. It meets his need, economical and spiritual.

There remains the difficulty with which we began, the inequality of the freely producing farmer in trade with the syndicated producer of factory and mine. The farmer's pools and coöperative associations have dealt only with distribution. They cannot unaided finish the job.

The farmer may be equalized up to the price level of the rest. Or the rest may be equalized down to his price level. Which ever way is taken, farmer organization must have some coöperation from politics.

To equalize the farmer upward, his production must be reduced. This could be accomplished by freezing out a fraction of the producers. But that is not the way of the factory. The farmer also dislikes so painful a method. No, the farmer if he is to be equalized upward must have more for less in the modern style. Syndicated industry was helped to this by the shutting out of foreign competition. The farmer must proceed by a different route. An exporter, he is his own competition. Unless through his pools he can restrict his production, which is unlikely at present, such help is needed as the measures now before Congress for manipulating the home supply of farmer products through artificial segregation of a surplus for dumping abroad.

This done, the farmer is on stilts with the rest. The cycle of string-halted production is complete. We shall then present the sublime spectacle of a great, literate nation pursuing wealth by an unanimous, assiduous process of preventing the production of wealth. This is the course toward which dominant national forces, including the farmers, seem now inclined. It is the American way to look to income rather than outgo. We would rather share our special privileges than lose them.

To "equalize" the factory downward would be still more completely a political process. The tariff must be leveled. Conspiracies in restraint of trade must be whole-heartedly prosecuted. Such natural resources as have been monopolized must be recovered by the government. If, instead of these sound measures, we resort to price reduction through government competition or price fixing by fiat, the more intensive yet will be the play of politics.

Whichever course the farmers follow,—and they are pretty sure to have their try at both,—their success depends upon the development and maintenance of an effective measure of political solidarity. Experience proves this necessary even though it is not special privilege the farmers go after, but merely an economic equality. The farmer has got to know his economic rights and to dare maintain them in political action, or he will forever go on carrying water for his more realistic countrymen.

For all the progress already made, complete political farmer-mindedness is still a long ways ahead. The farmer as a whole is not yet a class. He is only a crowd. In politics he retains a marvelous appetite for stones in lieu of bread. He is prone to accept as his political leaders attorneys for the interests by which he is exploited. He votes for tariffs which rob him. He supports an immigration policy which refuses him the consumer at home that our trade policy denies him abroad. His mind is plied by a periodical liter-

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ature whose main support is the interests from whose grip he needs to escape. The farmer suffers by the fact that there is almost no farmer-supported press to speak for him.

The farmer is burdened by an inferiority complex. A meeting of millers, bakers, yeast manufacturers, railroad managers and grain dealers was held in Chicago to save the wheat farmer. Few farmers had the pride to be disgusted at the patronage or to be ironical with the remedy, which was a request to the country to buy more of the flour, yeast and transportation which these friends of the farmer had to sell. In a western state a prominent railroad president calls a meeting attended mainly by milk dealers and creamery corporations to save the farmer by stimulating him to produce more dairy products for them to make a profit upon. For this kindly interest in their welfare the farmers appeared humbly thankful. It would be hard to find another great industry equally willing to be "kidded" along. As long as the farmer is content to be a nice little dog benevolently patted on the head by people who ride on his back he is far from out of the woods.

The road ahead for the farmer, both political and economic, is a lengthy one. He himself must change before his condition can be wholly changed, and he is slow to change. But there is a stirring, and no light one. In his politics as in his business the sleeping giant is rubbing his eyes. The reforms initiated by grange and farmers' alliance were, many of them, adopted after the farmer parties had died. The Nonpartisan League was a flash in the pan, but it taught western farmers the power of political independence. Due partly to farmer spirit, the Middle West is achieving something like a political autonomy. The names of Norris, Howell, Brookhart, Magnus Johnson, Ladd, Frazier stand for farmers in politics and pretty hard-boiled about it.

The development of their coöperative business interests naturally carries with it, among the farmers, a common political sentiment. This promises increasing stability to farmer politics. Farmer political pressure in the past has been sporadic. Hard times brought revolt. Better times returned the reins to the old masters. These mutations of politics warn the farmers to depend to the utmost limit for their prosperity upon their economic organizations. It will be long before they present in politics anything like the steady rank maintained by the interests with which they are dealing.

But steadily, by whatever path seems to open, the farmers are working their way into the sun. A million and a half of them, more or less, are in coöperative associations turning over a billion or so a year. The farmer has his lobbies at Washington and the state capitols as respectably as any other interest. Blunderingly, more or less blindly, with many missteps, up many a blind alley the belated farmers are following in the wake of their syndicated exemplars of factory, mine and counting room.

WALTER LOCKE.

The Power of Byron

WHEN Byron died at Mesolonghi on April 19, 1824, it seemed to many that he had at last cut the Gordian knot of his personality. Was not this the true resultant of the conflicting forces in his career, of the "war within the cave" and the "war of the many with one?" The rhetoric of Childe Harold resounded in these last months with a difference:

> The dead have been awakened—shall I sleep?
> The World's at war with tyrants—shall I crouch?
> The harvest's ripe—and shall I pause to reap?
> I slumber not; the thorn is in my Couch;
> Each day a trumpet soundeth in my ear,
> Its echo in my heart.

Byron the liberator, holding high position among the Carbonari and sagely weighing the claims of rival Greek chieftains, counterbalances so perfectly the earlier Byronic hero that the temptation to make the contrast is irresistible. In both cases he embodies, half by accident and half by design, a perennially popular type. In the Elizabethan theatre Englishmen had come to know the Italianate villain, who combined fascinating qualities with insidious wickedness. On the stage and in the novel he has always represented the naïve idea cherished by Anglo-Saxons that people of the Latin races are more prone to wickedness than the virtuous Teutons. (The Latin races might retaliate by presenting a conventional villain in the guise of the Teutonic blond beast.) Byron deepens the reserve of the dark, exotic protagonist, and plunges him into deep thought and disillusion.

> Chained to excess, the slave of each extreme,
> How woke he from the wildness of that dream!

The reflective turn of the hero leads to Manfred and Cain, those splendid but abortive pieces of philosophy. The disillusion is more significant; it leads us on to Mesolonghi and even beyond, to the real Byron and to Don Juan.

The early poetry does not give us the full impact of Byron's personality; even his careless letters reveal sources of power yet untapped. While the public no doubt read his romances as people have always read best-sellers, they must have been

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deeply impressed with the constant suggestion of reserve strength; behind and above the Giaour and Lara stood the real Byron, whatever he might be. Candor was not a virtue easily attainable in the days of the Regency, that period of insolent and elaborate manners, dominated most ostentatiously by wealth and title, and perhaps more than usually corrupt. We still use the name of one of Byron's most prominent contemporaries, Beau Brummel; Byron and the Beau were not without their affinities, and relied on the insecure preferences of fashion. It was because Byron was a lord as well as a poet that he "awoke one morning to find himself famous," and it was likewise because he was a lord that when his wife left him in 1816 he was driven from England with cries of execration. Tragedy though this was, it helped to free him from the factitious and superficial, widened his range and deepened his power.

He himself was baffled by his own Protean spirit. Some time later he wrote: "I have seen myself compared personally or poetically, in English, French, German, Italian, and Portuguese, within these nine years to Rousseau—Goethe—Young—Aretino—Timon of Athens—Satan—Shakespeare—Bonaparte—Tiberius—Aeschylus—Sophocles—Euripides—Harlequin—The Clown—Sternhold and Hopkins—to the Phantasmagoria—to Henry the 8th—to Chenies—to Mirabeau—to young R. Dallas (the Schoolboy)—to Michael Angelo—to Raphael—to Diogenes—to Childe Harold—to Lara—to the Count in Beppo—to Milton—to Pope—to Dryden—to Burns—to Savage—to Chatterton—to Churchill the Poet—to Kean the Actor—to Alfieri, etc., etc., etc." And he adds: "The Object of so many contradictory comparisons must probably be like something different from them all; but what *that* is, is more than *I* know, or any body else." The list contrasts curiously with what he would wish to have been: "To be the first man, not the Dictator—not the Sylla, but the Washington or the Aristides—the leader in talent and truth—is next to the Divinity! Franklin, Penn, and, next to these, either Brutus or Cassius—even Mirabeau. I shall never be anything, or rather always be nothing. The most I can hope is, that some will say, 'He might, perhaps, if he would.'" His own age afforded no names to add to this roll of heroes, for he never came fully under the spell of Napoleon. The reaction after Waterloo, the age of Wellington and Metternich, collaborated with the personal tragedy of 1816 to form the later Byron. The ideal of the aristocratic tribune of the people hovers before him, unrealized. He would even be willing to achieve this ideal at a discount for cash, to emulate those miscellaneous eighteenth century adventurers who won power in countries other than their own. Thus the Irishman Wall found a career in Spain, and likewise the Italian Alberoni; the Dutch adventurer Ripperda became Prime Minister in Spain, and afterwards turned Moslem; Bonneval, a French soldier of fortune, served successively in the Austrian, Russian, and Turkish armies. "I think I rather would have been Bonneval, Ripperda, Alberoni . . . than Mahomet himself," writes Byron. Or than the whole list from Rousseau to Alfieri cited above, he would have added in the mood that dominated him during the last months of his life.

Failing this outlet for action, the inexhaustible energy of Byron projected itself into what we may call the world of manners. He knew also the world of "nature," which had been rediscovered by his generation, but he could not rest there. "Neither the music of the Shepherd, the crashing of the Avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart." His interest in manners, his persistent notion of "gentlemanliness," his dislike of the reactionary Lake Poets, actually made him revert at times to the limitations of neo-classicism and the three unities. Perhaps he also sought discipline as such, and no doubt he was influenced by the affiliation between the cult of Liberty and classicism, the spirit which designed the French Pantheon and the Capitol at Washington, and deeply colored the literature of the Revolution in both France and America. It is most curious to see how the heroic couplet in satire and the unities in drama deprive the mature Byron of resilience and power. But though he constantly reverted to this style he developed for himself the incomparable manner of Beppo, The Vision of Judgment, and Don Juan.

It has sometimes been said slightingly that Byron's reputation, what is left of it, rests only on his satires. This is like saying that Fielding's reputation rests only on his novels. What broader foundation is needed? A keen critic thus addressed Byron in 1821: "There is nobody but yourself who has any chance of conveying to posterity a true idea of the *spirit* of England in the days of His Majesty George IV." We may add that there is nothing in Byron's verse but the satires which can convey to us the full sweep of his genius. Don Juan sublimates what is best in the early romances, Childe Harold, and the lyrics, and fuses them with cosmic irony. The Germans were explaining this very process metaphysically at the time, but it is unjust to Byron merely to label him with the "romantic irony" of the Schlegels. The German ironists lack weight and body in their Gedankenspielerei. It is not paradoxical to say that Byron's most serious and substantial work is embodied in the prodigious flippancy of Don Juan. The echoing mockery turns on the beauty of the story, but cannot destroy it, and dominating all are the ease of mastery and the resistless ground-swell of Byron's energy.

If Byron had survived the Greek War of Independence, he might easily have lived to be a

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restive subject of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, an elder contemporary of Tennyson and the Brownings. In any case it is hard to see how he could have gone beyond Don Juan. Brandes thinks he might have become a great realistic novelist, but as a matter of fact the novel would have been too thick and heavy a medium for him, and would not have admitted so easily his rapid introversions and lordly negligence. Byron was not at ease in an age of sluggish monarchs and die-hard prime ministers, but he would not have been any more at ease in an elegiac, soberly critical, and reflective age. His reflections, like his irony, come in flashes, as in the lines from which Matthew Arnold got one of his best known phrases:

> Between two worlds Life hovers like a star,
> 'Twixt Night and Morn, upon the horizon's verge.

Since 1830 or thereabouts Byron's reputation has never been adequately reënforced by the criticism and literary tradition of the English-speaking world, which apparently remained unimpressed by the triumphant progress of his pageant from Portugal to the Balkans and St. Petersburg. Possibly, however, he has the allegiance of many English and American readers whose opinions never get expressed in criticism, and probably Childe Harold is still his most popular poem. To a century intent on progress and synthesis his satires may have seemed irrelevant, like a tale of Boccaccio or a jolly chapter of Rabelais. But just as Byron had his Peace of Vienna, we now have our Treaty of Versailles and our lapse of ideals. American literature in particular seems to be tending toward satire without mirth. Byron can at least give us a satire that is neither strident nor anaemic. Though we cannot fully participate in his recklessness, and though he would laugh at the idea of playing physician to this or any other iron age, we may still respond to his mood and be fortified by his vitality. ALAN D. MCKILLOP.

The College of the Few

INSTRUCTORS of youth in the better colleges complain that their classes have become too hard to thrill. They refer, of course, to the few students—the half dozen—who might be considered capable of intellectual perturbation, the rest being now as always stolid ruminators upon baseball, presidential elections, and pretty girls. These few, confound them, are so serene; and their serenity is not callousness, either, or ignorance, or ennui. It is the legitimate serenity of minds quite free from superstition.

If there were only a few twilight corners in these brains the teacher would have something to do. But he comes to Lucretius, for instance, and finds that the noble Roman has no message any more. The terror and the darkness which he shot his shafts of poetry to dispel have already lifted before some kind of sun not yet risen, perhaps, above the teacher's horizon, and so not susceptible to his spectroscopy. Lucretius trembles with the discovery that there are no gods who interfere in the lives of men, that all is as plain and regular as noon-day, that nothing is to be feared from an outside which after all is not outside. The students attend to the poetry, and indeed admire it; but they do not share the excitement. They quietly settled that question of the gods long years ago. They are perfectly armed against final causes. The existence of God does not belong for them in the category of live issues. Nothing to be said on such a subject can shock them; furthermore, they have no zeal to go home and say anything about it which might shock their parents.

More terrible yet, they are immune against morals. Ethics is not a popular course. When the teacher himself was in college the best students talked of the class war, the responsibility of the individual to society, claims, duties, tendencies; they were socialists. Now, although their successors by no means lack a sense of society—indeed they are rather painfully aware that it is here to stay—they are doubtful whether anything can be done about it. The war said to have been fought in Europe a few years ago muddled it out of the unity it formerly was thought to possess. If one picks up a newspaper today one sees that politicians are busy removing the remaining marks of that apparent unity. One rarely picks up a newspaper, however; one is not for affairs. So the socialist gives way to the cynic. The new student declines, not without some grace, to view his nation or his race as a whole, growing more conscious of itself with the months and therefore progressing. Progress is a rather dreary theme. Guess about it if you are a person of easy assumptions and vague hopes; drop it if your chief desire is to know. Ethics—if it exists—is not a matter of deciding what the average man ought to do to you, or what you ought to do to the average man. You simply do not happen to be settling problems for another fellow. Hard enough to discover for yourself what is important, or good, or really amusing. Least of all is the world—that very interesting place—something which you are going out to teach. Let it in all its mysterious and comical variety teach you. You are not its savior. It never has known a savior, nor will it ever know one.

The notion that mankind did as a matter of fact

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find a savior two thousand years ago is not seriously entertained by the half dozen intellects under process of description. A certain student in an eminent institution printed recently in his college magazine a little play the scene of which was set before the tomb of Christ and the theme of which was Christ's unwillingness to claim a great deal for his powers as a redeemer. There is a stroke of thunder, the slab of stone falls face downward, the centurions flee, and an angel enters crying: "Arise! Arise! Let the Son of God arise from death and forsake the sepulchre. For Thou art the truth, the way and the light." The sleeper within does not welcome the awakening. He does not want the light brought back, for he is weary. "What is sin? Do not men live and do not men die? I wish to sleep." And when he is told that he is the Son of God he answers: "Some thoughtless one has betrayed thee. My father is Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth. Roll back the stone and go thy way. It is very quiet in the earth and I will sleep." In the end it is only because he cannot convince the angel that he rises and meekly follows to heaven, muttering: "I am the truth, the way and the light." The author found it comfortable to leave college shortly after his play appeared, but at least five students failed to see why he should go.

Neither is there any sensation for the elect in the pronouncement—once electric—that the middle class is all but drowned in the depths of its own amiable stupidity. They know that already, and are not worried. The last intention they have is to be regaled by exposures of that stupidity, or to set sail in a crusade against it. Much as they worship Shaw for his wit, and like him latterly for his mysticism, they regret that he has wasted so much time in educating the bourgeois. Education of any sort—including the sort they are receiving—is an inferior pursuit hardly worthy of one who is avid after the best things of existence, popular or not. Wells is mostly a mess; his schemes for arranging the members of his species in more comely patterns on the earth get nowhere, for it is not the nature of man to move. His itch to see large classes of people happy is absurd, since it is not clear that any two minds will ever agree as to what is happiness, and if they did they would be such minds as were not interested in practicable bliss.

Much also as they approve of Messrs. Mencken and Nathan in their rôles of humorist and critic, the elect do not look up to them as teachers. For the pupils addressed by these men are average citizens in Plato Center, Illinois, Butterfield, Arkansas, or Jenkintown, Pennsylvania; and the elect inhabit no namable locality; they are not citizens. The game of boob-baiting has had its day so far as they are concerned. Gopher Prairie and Zenith are remote, almost forgotten places on the map. It makes little difference whether the drug-clerk in Ovid, New York, reads Hall Caine or Marcel Proust. The student steps over the ashes of that old fire lit from the clash of one culture with another and walks calmly across open ground in search of the thing which he alone wants. There may be little warmth in the air which he now breathes, but at any rate there is no smoke, and charred weapons do not fly about his head.

He seems to say that the beauty or the truth he looks for will appear, if and when it does appear, quite independently of anything else. It will be rid of religion, it will have no necessary bearings upon the good or the ill of society, and it will be apprehended in some glad, positive manner rather than on the rebound from incorrect, outmoded standards or from vulgar taste. The student cheerfully assumes that he will know perfection when he reaches her, no matter on what rock she reclines under no matter how distant a tree. An instructor in a Milton class a year ago asked the proverbial question whether Paradise as the poet described it did not seem unsatisfactory, whether Eden was not dull. The elect exclaimed with indignation No! What good reason was there why a poet should not try to create in his imagination a state of existence beyond the grasp of jealous finite criticism? Was not perfection an idea by itself, worth as much attention as any other idea, and certainly worth treatment separately from the idea of imperfection? It is man's inferiority complex which makes him insist that the good is merely the obverse of the bad.

That sounds like Remy de Gourmont, and it is. The best students may be heard almost any day disassociating ideas with more or less of the ability, and truly all of the persistence, of the Frenchman whom they like so much to read. Remy de Gourmont has placed a knife in their hands with which they hope to carve the world into the innumerable irreducible units of which they suspect it to be composed. For their passion after all is clarity; their desire is to disentangle those things which men's irrelevant loyalties have gummed together to no good. A college magazine of 1923 contained a translation of a dialogue by Fontenelle which disassociates, for instance, the ideas of glory and virtue. Erostratus in the dialogue is a burner of temples and a destroyer of idols, and when he is asked by Demetrius of Phalera if he is permitted to ruin for his own glory the works of others he replies: "Yes. Vanity, which had erected these temples by the hands of another, could ruin it by mine. She has a legitimate right over all the other works of men; she has made them and she can destroy them. The greatest states themselves have no reason to complain that she overthrows them when she finds it profitable; they could not prove an origin independent of her. A king who, to honor the funeral of a horse, would have the city of Bucephalus razed—would he be doing it an injustice? I do

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not believe so; for one bethought oneself of building this city only to insure the memory of Bucephalus, and consequently it is appropriated in honor of horses. Vanity plays with men's lives as with everything else. A father leaves the most children he can in order to perpetuate his name; a conqueror, to perpetuate his, exterminates as many men as he is able." The translation of this dialogue was more than an exercise in wit, though it was that; its ironic implications precisely suited the temper of one student whose mind had made itself free.

Irony assists the undergraduate in his progress towards that clarity of perception, that hardness of vision, which he values above all other intellectual virtues. The ironist, since he sees the world in order to deny it, sees it well. Picking his way down through the many layers of unmeaning or of partial meaning which lie on the top of things, he sharpens his eyesight as he goes the better to perceive the one real thing at last. He never comes to that thing, of course, but on the way he has learned what other things are not worth while. The student who sits and baffles his teacher by the serenity of his countenance—how can it be proved that he is not at that moment, and indeed at all moments, looking, listening for the perfectly quiet truth at the bottom of the heap of talk he has to hear? Beneath the bustle of *living*—*business*, *politics*, *engagements*, *love*—he suspects that a kind of peace slowly collects itself. An ardent reader of Aldous Huxley, he doubtless allows that brilliant youth to speak for him here. "There are quiet places also in the mind. . . . But we build bandstands and factories on them. Deliberately—to put a stop to the quietness. We don't like the quietness. . . . The jazz bands, the music-hall songs, the boys shouting the news. What's it for? What's it all for? To put an end to the quiet, to break it up and disperse it, to pretend at any cost it isn't there. Ah, but it is; it is there, in spite of everything, at the back of everything." In an entirely philosophic sense the patient, ironic elect are idealists.

In a certain college which has altogether only two thousand students, over one hundred of them register annually for a course in aesthetics given by the department of philosophy. This is not an empty gesture, not an imitation of the ivory tower. Inquiry is acutely made into the why and the how of art, into the laws of that beauty which Sinclair Lewis, Wells, and Galsworthy can only hint will deserve pursuit after the world has shaken off the dust of factories, scrubbed off the dirt of injustice. Be the world just or unjust, art is longer than life; art can wait, men cannot wait. So a hundred students learn what the latest French painters are doing, and wherein they are different from Rembrandt or Goya; while half a dozen of them decide exactly what this means for themselves, and perhaps one of them who is a painter to begin with experiments with abstract form and color. Poetry also comes in for an examination. But there are a good many poets in the college, and two or three of them promise rather definitely to become famous. There are essayists and story-writers by the dozen; their English instructors complain that they write too infernally well—the teacher cannot keep up with them, much less give them satisfactory information as to how they may improve; and they want fiercely to improve.

If colleges say anything about the future, they say in America just now that the coming generation, or perhaps the one after that, will excel in its novelists, its poets, its painters, and its philosophers. Work is being done here, there, and everywhere which hardly can come to nothing. Politics will decay further if possible, and business will babble on; but new publishing-houses, new magazines, and new schools of criticism will testify to the one new thing worth the trouble—a renaissance of grace and clear, cool sense.

MARK VAN DOREN.

No Son of Adam

Not through the lily-bordered gate
That angels guard with wide-arched wings,
From where the moths and tigers mate
While an immortal skylark sings,

Was my first father thrust and driven
Into a barren blighted world
With one companion dearly given
The seventh time God's fancy whirled.

He never tasted milk or honey
Or made an animal his friend,
Or took the earth turned dry and sunny
For covenant of deluge-end.

My father was thrown out of hell
For loving Lucifer too well
And seeing into all he did,
Before a serpent slept or slid.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

Crossed Heart

For sake of wind out of the south,
For sake of all the lean birds lost
In rhythm of their own long flying,
And for the sake of your hurt mouth
Closed forever on its crying,
Let your heart be crossed.

If you will lift a hand to make
A double motion, quick like breath,
Over your heart's uneven throbbing,
You will have done a thing for sake
Of that for which there is no sobbing,
Nor any hush of death.

Fearing the dazzle in your eyes,
Moments that wear you thin as moon
And make you exquisite with sighing,
Lay on your heart this light device,
Lest for that which knows no dying
You be dead too soon.

HAZEL HALL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

An American Labor Party

SIR: I enclose a copy of An Open Letter to College Students which we would be glad to have you publish in the New Republic.

ROLAND A. GIBSON.

Hanover, New Hampshire.

[Enclosure]

The oil scandal has revealed to all intelligent American citizens the real state of political government in this country. The senatorial investigation has brought to the surface all the sordid details of the political corruption that involves the leading politicians of both the Republican and Democratic parties, and clearly shows that under our present party system the candidates of both parties, no matter how "good" they may be when elected, are controlled after election by big business. This makes impossible the passage of any legislation which will effect fundamental economic and political reforms, and constitutes a challenge to all the progressive forces of the country to repudiate the old parties and unite to form a party which shall truly represent the majority of the people of the country.

To American college students this challenge should come with special force in view of the example of the British Labor party, which has attained its present position of leadership largely because forty odd years ago a group of intellectuals in England, revolting from the existing system of society, allied themselves with the working class in its struggle for freedom. The result of this alliance between labor and learning has been the growth of a political party in Great Britain which holds out more hope for social progress in England than does any similar movement in any other country in the world.

The Dartmouth Club for Independent Political Action has been organized in response to the challenge of the present political situation in America, and it welcomes your coöperation in the task of educating American students to bring about coöperation between labor and learning for the organization of an American Labor party modelled along the lines of the British Labor party. To realize this object college students can coöperate with progressive and labor leaders in their community to carry on the movement for the formation of a party which will unite on a program of fundamental economic and political reform, including the nationalization and democratic management of public utilities and natural resources, taxation of excess profits and inheritances, government aid to farmers, opposition to war and imperialism, abolition of government injunctions in labor disputes, guarantee of civil liberties, and other measures which will pave the way for a government based on true political and industrial equality, social justice and world peace.

THE DARTMOUTH CLUB FOR INDEPENDENT POLITICAL ACTION.

Russia Mobilizes

SIR: In the highly illuminating paper of Professor Barnes in the New Republic for March 19, I read: "Gooch goes even further and contends that the Tsar's order to suspend mobilization, in answer to the Kaiser's request, was intercepted by the Russian militarists, though this is still a disputed point." It may be of interest to cite an authentic source for the confirmation of Gooch's contention, namely the diary of War Minister Sukhomlinov, as it was published by the Soviet Archives:

1914

July 24. . . . Austria's ultimatum to Serbia.

July 25. Inspection of troops . . . Austria presses Serbia. At six o'clock the cadets are promoted to officers, and decamp.

July 26. Pre-mobilization period.

July 27. Preparation for mobilization in all districts.

July 28. . . . Austria declares war against Serbia.

July 29. We announce the mobilization of four districts: Kiev, Moscow, Kazan, Odessa. At midnight a telephone message from the Tsar to suspend the mobilization: he has received a reassuring telegram from the German emperor. I report to His Majesty that suspension is tantamount to cancellation, which would technically turn our plans topsy turvy, and that should later another mobilization become necessary, it would require from one to two months. For the verification of my report I beg of His Majesty to inquire personally by telephone of General Yanushkevich, Chief of Staff Sukhomlinov's protege and appointee. . . . Half an hour later Yanushkevich telephones that he has been ordered to suspend the mobilization, and asks for my instructions. I request him to undertake nothing till morning.

July 30. The mobilization has not been suspended. At one P. M. we receive a message from our Berlin ambassador about the mobilization of the German forces. We announce our full mobilization.

July 31. The first day of the general mobilization. Lord bless us! Germany has sent us an ultimatum.

ALEXANDER KAUN.

Berkeley, California.

Two Sides—Even in Arithmetic

SIR: I have read the New Republic quite regularly for the last three or four years. Some of your special articles have been splendid. It has always seemed to me that there was a place for an independent weekly and I don't object how far advanced its views may be. I am, however, tremendously embarrassed at the present time in reading it.

It has always seemed to me that on many questions connected with finance, theology and international politics there are two opinions to take. The New Republic solves all of these questions so emphatically that I find I am bereft of the pleasure of discussing the other side with anybody. It just looks as though I must be stupid to consider that two sides exist.

For instance, I am not very well acquainted with Mr. Mellon but I always had the opinion that he knew quite a little about finance and had handled large financial transactions. It was a great shock to me to learn that he is so totally wrong on almost every viewpoint he takes. It must be that he is too dogmatic.

Reading your editorials makes me believe that I have been entirely misled—that there is only one side to take on any matter of importance. Somehow, this is not a bit stimulating intellectually!

N. W. EMERSON.

Boston.

What Modernism Might Mean

SIR: As Dickinson Miller puts it in his recent article, Conscience and The Bishops, modernism is "provincialism in the realm of time." But need it continue to be so? Intelligent laymen who have long since understood the supernatural elements in the Bible as legends are awaiting the time when modernists will take issue with fundamentalists on crucial, central facts as bases for controversy.

Is it too much to ask that the church allow unrestricted thought and discussion by its clergy and congregations on the problem, for instance, of the existence of God? Those who are seeking inspiration but refuse to rationalize would welcome an opportunity for a frequent exchange of views with others in a similar position and with those who have spent the better part of their lives in the study of theology.

Should the modernist movement stand for a church, that will act as leader in the search for spiritual truths, it would have meaning for the many men and women who cannot bind themselves to the limits of a fixed creed.

E. P. HUNT.

Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

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TEXAS MODES

I
REALISTIC

RANCHMAN'S MANICURE

The barber has about done with his hair,
A pat here, a snip off there,
The mop of it is burnt by the sun,
At sixty he will weigh almost a ton.
She has a squeaky voice, sweetened up—

"Good morning, Mr. Martin!
Isn't Mr. Martin looking well this morning!"
"Well, I guess I ain't in bed."
She lifts his hand
That lies like a great hoof on the velvet chair arm;
She spreads his finger-tips in her own
And bends over them as if they were pearls.
"Manicure this morning?"
Well, he guess he wouldn't mind.
Shine, shine, Sir? Shine?
No, boy, had mine.

Her alcove in the shop
Has a white table and smells of orris,
"Have you forgotten your little friend's name, Sir, Doris?"
Clip, snip,
She holds his hand in her own,
And cuts the great nails, like bone,
She bends her file with a little gasp,
She should go to the blacksmith who shoes horses
And borrow a rasp.

And now we'll trim the cuticle?
Sure. He leans over the table and grins.
Did she press his fingers just a bit?
Well, what of it!
"And just a touch of Rosaline?
Most gentlemen of course don't."
"Well, Miss Doris, I reckon I won't."
"A little talcum then, so.
Now isn't that lovely? How? For me? Oh,
Thank you, Mr. Martin, come again."

"Hello, Jim, fixed up great?
Yep, sold the cattle, goin' celebrate.
See how Miss Doris trimmed me up!
A fine little girl she is, by dam!"
He holds out his hand like a powdered ham.

II
CLASSICAL

1
THE EGOIST

I know a little god whose red lips throng
With store of honeyed words to help my song
If he were fain. But ever when I sing
Of wars and gods and greenwoods in the spring,
He purseth up his mouth and turns away;
And lagging goes my song, my thoughts astray.
But when I sing of love, my words grow sweet,
He layeth all his treasure at my feet;
My song hath wings, the golden verses run
Like little rivers leaping in the sun;
Aye me, how sweet the heedless rhymes do fall,
For when I sing of him, Love worketh all.

2
FOR A WAYSIDE INSCRIPTION

Traveller, who goest on this western road
That runs beyond the sunset and the hills,
A lover asks thee this: When thou dost come
Unto the river, where the pine tree stands,
There at the ford, beside the happy waves;
Whether the sun or stars be mirrored there,
And thou gone forth or nearing thy sweet home,
Make thou this prayer—May the hard fates be kind
To one whose fairest days were here, who once
Along these lovely sands beneath the moon
Walked with the love that now is false to him.
Then pause to hear his sigh among the leaves.

III
ROMANTIC

1

Roses that lift their snowy eyelids,
Green voices calling,
And a bell;
And the returning wings
To spring.
Stay, summer, summer, come not yet—
The bell is more than the church,
The song than the nest,
And the cry of desire
More than all that follows.

2

The wind lifts the leaves in the court
Like passing flames,
It flings them against the window where we sit.

Like honey are your brooding eyes,
Filled with summer and the sun,
White rain,
And soft skies at the close of day.
Where is their home, where in the far-away?
My heart is broken with your peace
And with your tenderness,
Dark with your golden light, shaken with your stillness.

The wind shudders and dies
Upon the infinite, transient night.

3

Thou art as alabaster filled with wine
Wherein the sun of summer shineth through,
Tinged with the sound of bees when the rich vine
Shakes down its garlands in the diamond dew.

Thou art a gleaming saint amid the trees
Whereon the holy moonlight lieth white,
In some old garden where the centuries
Trail their dark mantle in the silent night.

And songs of lovers dead long since I hear,
Of them whose dearest joy was touched with pain;
And if I had or had thee not, it were,
O Life in Life, O Saint and Shrine, in vain.

STARK YOUNG.

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The Problem of the Bible

The Story of the Bible, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Boni and Liveright. $5.00.

MR. VAN LOON, who wishes his children to know their Scriptures and fears that most boys do not, has made a compendium of their contents for Hansje and Willem. That some simplified, possibly expurgated version of the Bible would be of value to youthful readers may be conceded. Here is a series of documents, produced over a long period of time. Their several parts took shape under varying economic, political, social conditions; they reflect the manners and morals of successive stages of national development. It requires, then, an historical imagination, informed by considerable knowledge both of Semitic history and the Mediterranean cultures, to perceive what these books meant to those who wrote them—which is the first step in that just understanding without which there can be no true appraisal. But this is a task no less difficult than valuable. To accomplish it one must not only discard the interwoven overlay of editorial, allegorical and theological interpretation but be careful, in the process, not to lose the ethical and spiritual distinction that lies beneath it.

Such a task needs, then, some familiarity with the assured results of Biblical criticism and although Mr. Van Loon's general knowledge in this field has failed him at specific points, yet, granted the scope and purpose of what he is trying to do, such lapses may fairly be considered minor deficiencies in his undertaking. It is more important for Mr. Van Loon's special task, however, that he be something of a poet and humanist as well. Why recast these ancient stories unless one can reinterpret them in the process? Anyone can tell the Bible stories; they tell themselves! But can one so retell them that the youthful mind can distinguish between the accidental and the essential in them, perceive that stories which are not factually "true" nevertheless contain truth; half insensibly reject the apparatus of the prodigious and the inexplicable and fasten on the moral insight, the religious passion, beneath?

Surely to accomplish this one must have some just principle of selection and some consistent method of interpretation. "As a matter of fact," Mr. Van Loon says, "I am not trying to interpret the Bible." Yet the first thing such an "introduction" as this should do is so to present its material to young minds as to minimize their future difficulties with the original; so to interpret that material that inherited prepossessions which are no longer tenable, or that nonchalant indifference which is sheer stupidity, should be dismissed before ever they had been accepted. In this, it seems to me, the book fails.

For instance: One might retell the Bible as a Book of Revealed Law, different in kind and hence in authority from all other literature, its uniqueness proved by theophany, miracle and prophecy. One may still do this with popular effectiveness, appealing to that "itch for certainty," as James called it, which is a constant factor in the race. Mr. Van Loon is too sophisticated to take this point of view yet he does not precisely reject it. He says regarding miracles:

> . . . wherever we turn we meet with strange records of supernatural feats which have seen common among the earliest inhabitants of far away lands. This proves that the need for an imaginary world, in which the impossible becomes the self-evident, is very general and not restricted to a particular country or race.
>
> But to many of us the influence which Jesus exercised upon the world was so astonishingly profound and inexplicable that we are willing to accept him without the doubtful embellishments of conjuration and exorcism.
>
> In this we may be entirely wrong.

Perhaps Mr. Van Loon is trying here to teach his boys the value of the suspended judgment. Yet, as to "miracles," the world those boys will live in has already passed from suspended judgment to a conclusion. Moreover, when he deals with the Old Testament, the most mechanical of the miracles are related, without comment, as though taken at their face value. Yet it would not be difficult to explain to boys the nature of even the most miraculous myths, to show them that myths are neither lies nor "fairy tales" but the prescientific hypotheses, the crystallized ideals of early peoples which have a rich and intelligible meaning alike for the historian, the moralist, the believer.

Or the book could be retold as a literary creation of magnificent proportions. Here are the passion and pain, the sorrow and heroism of men reflected as in a mirror; here the analysis of conduct, the shrewd perception of motives, the sure operation of cause and effect in the moral order, the wistful pondering on nature and on man who is of nature and yet apart from it. Here is the short story, the elegiac poem, the lyric cry, the rustic idyll; here is dramatic dialogue, impassioned reasoning, sententious and pragmatic wisdom, all cast into that slow perfected form which comes from centuries of retelling. But here Mr. Van Loon fails again partly through selection of material. In the Exodus stories he relates all the plagues of Egypt and passes over the great narrative of the Bush that Burned and was not Consumed. Yet what a story it is for youthful minds! The tale of a young man who said, "I will now turn aside to see *why*." Who took his shoes from off his feet when he approached that Bush, filled with both curiosity and reverence as he tried to understand it. Who brooded over the wrongs of his people until he saw a way of escape for them and then was afraid to have faith in his own vision, to trust the validity of his own experience, who wanted to dream but not to do! Yet this story is ignored and we hear about the plagues of blood and flies! Worse than this the great tales which are recast lose, under Mr. Van Loon's interpretation, both their poetic glamour and their subtle insights—only their surface happenings, prosaic or incredible as the case may be, remain.

Take the Joseph story. Here is a masterpiece in plot, in contrasted characters, in probable adventures, in understanding of motives and consequences. It is a tale of adventure on heroic scale with conflicting human emotions to give it poignancy and power; it deals with pastoral simplicity, the splendor of an ancient court, the high finance which then, as now, knew how to turn a free, land-holding people into tenant bondage. The first chapter is an immortal picture of a spoiled, selfish yet high hearted boy; the second chapter shows this same boy, tempered by adversity, his gentle breeding issuing, under temptation, in the cold and vigorous chastity of the man. When Joseph is solicited by Potiphar's wife the record reads:

> And it came to pass, after these things, that his master's wife cast her eyes upon Joseph; and she said, Lie with me.

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But he refused and said, Behold, my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and he hath committed all that he hath to my hand;

There is none greater in this house than I; neither hath he kept back anything from me but thee, because thou art his wife: how then can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?

Here is Mr. Van Loon's version:

And so Joseph became Potiphar's house slave and, ere long, he was the captain's right hand man, kept his accounts, and was overseer of all the other workmen on the estate.

Unfortunately Potiphar's wife thought the handsome, black-haired boy much better company than her own dull Egyptian husband. But Joseph, who knew that too great familiarity between masters and servants invariably leads to trouble, kept at a respectful distance.

Finally, one may retell the Bible as the record of the social evolution of a people, paying due attention to its literary form and poetic beauty in the process. This would seem to me the most rewarding approach. For here is the most complete literary record extant of the deepening and enlarging of the human spirit through successive stages of culture, pastoral, agrarian, urban and industrial. Here is the clue to the evolving social practice and religious changes of the book's various parts. What a wealth of illustrative and illuminating material is here for helping a boy to understand our own changing and confusing order! And Mr. Van Loon gives many hints of it. He clarifies the meaning of a theocracy by reference to the doctrine of the divine right of kings; shows by contemporary examples how easily names and dates are altered and confused by translation and oral transmission. Yet he does not succeed in treating the Bible as a living record of that human spirit of which Goethe said that while mankind was always progressing man himself remained ever the same.

Mr. Van Loon has "rationalized" the Bible. He has done all that can be done to show how like to all other books it is and he has been very able in doing it. There is great value in this; the Bible has been made unreal and magical by the lack of rational approach to it. But he has, so to speak, done it too well; he has fallen into the characteristic snare of the intellectualist, he has tried to make all things alike. And they are not all alike. It is essential to try to understand the problem of the One and the Many; it was never more essential than now. But one cannot resolve that problem by saying that, after all, there isn't any! It is important to show how like the Bible is to all other books; it is more important, if we are to understand it, to show its differences. These have been, and are, the major source of its authority.

Here is Mr. Van Loon's essential failure and it is most clearly revealed in the treatment of the life of Jesus. The gracious tales of healing which offer small difficulty to the modern mind, indeed can be understood by us as they never have been before, are all commonized. "Jesus was undoubtedly able to help those who came to him in the agony of imagined distress . . . people who thought they were lame . . . When it became known that the young Nazarene could give people a temporary relief from their ailments . . ." The story of the last night in the Garden of Gethsemane Mr. Van Loon gives as follows:

At that moment Judas slipped quietly out of the room.
They now all knew what was to come.
They could no longer stand it in that little room.

They needed fresh air . . . and opened the wicket to a garden which a friend had told them to use whenever they wished to be alone. . . .
It was a warm night.
They were all very tired.

After a while Jesus walked away from the little group. But three of the disciples who were closest to him followed at a distance.

He turned around and bade them wait and watch while he prayed.

The time had come for a final decision. Escape was still possible but escape would mean a silent confession of guilt and defeat for his ideas. . . .
He made his choice.
He stayed.
He went back to his friends.
And behold! they were fast asleep.

That is all. Mr. Van Loon does not show us the motives that actuated that conflict, he does not pierce to the heart of the struggle. Whatever the term means, none would deny that in Jesus we see consummate genius. Three things are true of genius. First, that it can largely be explained in terms of social inheritance and environment. Second, that there is a residuum in genius which cannot be so explained. Both these things are true of all of us. But, third, in genius, it is the inexplicable part which is the more important. It is here, if we are to try to understand genius that attention must fasten. If our confused and troubled world, bitterly conscious of its moral perplexities, its spiritual poverty—is ever to have a fresh interpretation of the Galilean it will be when free and candid minds cease bending all their energy to showing us how like Jesus was to all the rest of us and begin to try to understand just where and why and how he was unlike the rest of us. It is this aspect of the life of Jesus that those, who want to be wise and kind for the boys of the next generation will magnify. Mr. Van Loon has minimized it.

ALBERT PARKER FITCH.

Oxford and Cambridge

The Older Universities of England: Oxford and Cambridge, by Albert Mansbridge. With drawings by John Mansbridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

A REMARKABLE book, both for what it is and what it is not. For the American who wants a guide to "quaint old Oxford and Cambridge," this is not the thing; although Mr. Mansbridge's illustrations embody more truly the character of those ancient fabrics than any we have seen since Loggan's. It is not primarily a history, although the history of English university education has never been so well done in so little space. It is not a dry Department of Education report, although the author was on the last Royal Commission on the Universities. It is not a manual for Rhodes scholars, although the appendix contains more clear practical information as to what an American may study and had better not try to study at Oxford and Cambridge, than he can find between any other two covers. Although devastatingly frank about the shortcomings of its subject, the spirit

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of the book is robustly appreciative. Yet here is no English analogy to that frequent product of our press, the loyal alumni trumpet-call to attend alma mater, be a regular guy and inherit the good things of the new world. For Dr. Mansbridge (LL. D. Cantab. since the title-page was cast, and none more richly deserved it), attended no university save that of hard knocks. A member of the English working class, he has spent the better part of his life in creating for his fellows the educational opportunities that he missed. The founder of the Workers' Educational Association, whose astounding success is a sore puzzle to American educational reformers, and of the World Association for Adult Education, he found most unexpected help and encouragement in the ancient seats of privilege. He bored into the sister universities from without, and found them as hospitable to borers, as they are hostile to bores. If their rich fruits of learning and beauty are even now less accessible to the working man's son, than the less mature offerings of American universities, it is because men like Dr. Mansbridge have realized that they cannot raze the walls without destroying the garden.

About one half of the book is devoted to the history of Oxford and Cambridge before the nineteenth century. The baffling problem of Cambridge's origin is not solved; but we have a clear picture of the development of Oxford, from the priory school of St. Frideswide's through the battles of secular and regular clergy, to the founding of colleges, and their gradual control of the university. Cambridge, one notes in passing, owed its rise in fame to the intolerance of Oxford in banishing Wyclif—a lapse in academic freedom for which Oxford richly suffered, and which she has never willingly repeated. Later, both universities "were hindered in their full and free development by those who sought to control them and to make them seminaries instead of universities." The famous nineteenth century reforms by Act of Parliament were of different character. Their effect was to free the universities and colleges from ancient servitudes and fetters, to throw open fellowships and scholarships to free competition, and to divert college endowments from gluttonous fellows to underpaid professors, new chairs and laboratories. But the universities were left perfectly free to determine what should be taught, and how it should be taught (though it was necessary to require that professors give at least two lectures a week!); and free they are today from outside control. The business man and financier have never crept into control of the older English universities, and few regret the comparative poverty in equipment and income with which this academic independence has been purchased. If the principle of the Dartmouth College Case had prevailed in England, these reforms of the nineteenth century would have been impossible. Marshall's decision may have been necessary to save our colleges from hostile political tinkering; but it did not prevent many of them from bartering their intellectual freedom for endowments and buildings.

In the latter half of the book, with its well documented chapters on the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, statesmen and scientists, Oxford and Cambridge in the world, and "the power that is in them;" the extraordinary divergences between American and English university methods strike one repeatedly. For his American readers, Dr. Mansbridge suggests more questions than they can answer. The Oxford and Cambridge colleges, for instance, still have absolute control over admissions. They are governed only by rules and precedents of their own making, and no outsider knows what these may be. Applications greatly exceed the number of places. The bulk of the undergraduates still belong to the governing—or perhaps one should say, ex-governing—class. Opportunities for a poor man to work his way through college are nil, and he is still lamentably handicapped in winning scholarships. Yet, in spite of this, the working class in general, and the Labor party in particular, is friendly to Oxford and Cambridge. Parliament, since the war, has given generous financial help. There is little of that spirit of hostile criticism, none of that delight in rooting out skeletons from academic closets, that the average American feels toward his "democratic" universities, which try with such pathetic insistence to be all things to all men. Is it possible that the Oxford and Cambridge intellectuals, through exclusive devotion to their particular jobs, have unwittingly established a firmer bridge to manual labor than the well-meaning American liberals? Or is it the tolerated radical fraction of the dons that have established the relationship, to the profit of their Tory colleagues? Or does English appreciation of excellence, in all its forms, offer an explanation of the relationship?

A noteworthy event of recent years is the return of the Jesuits and Dominicans to Oxford, in spite of the privileged position there of the Church of England. Now, why do English Roman Catholics love Oxford, and Boston Roman Catholics hate Harvard?

Again, although America is the country of educational experiment, Oxford and Cambridge do not seem to have taken a single leaf from the transatlantic book. Frankly, the intellectual quality of their American undergraduates has not encouraged imitation! Yet, in such matters as graduate study and research, the English universities could learn much from us. It is now the American colleges that are trying to spy out the secret of the honor school and the tutorial system. One thing is certain: the spirit of Oxford and Cambridge cannot be translated to America by fake Magdalen towers or brummagem Christ Church halls; by wearing gowns at high tables, or importing Cambridge dons. Dr. Mansbridge probably comes as near as anyone can, toward revealing the essential spirit of Oxford and Cambridge, in the passage where he tells us: "Because they have been consecrated to learning they have seldom failed to give birth to, or at least strengthen, the fine powers of single-minded men who have never been disloyal in their search for truth, no matter where it might lead them, and who have counted all else well lost if only they did not falter on their difficult way."

S. E. Morison.

The Prisoner Who Sang

The Prisoner Who Sang, by Johan Bojer. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

JOHAN BOJER'S latest has been hailed as a prose Peer Gynt, and there is no doubt that he has taken Ibsen's eternal playboy for a model. The resemblance between Peer Gynt and Andreas Berget, hero of The Prisoner Who Sang, is perfectly clear. Both of them are rascals, swindling the world and grimacing at it; both lose themselves in the game, forgetting which of the many rôles they have played in childhood, and in the end find salvation through a woman's tenderness. Here, however,

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the likeness ends. Peer Gynt was the opportunist par excellence, inflamed with a zest for fresh experience, turning events to his own uses as he went along. But Andreas comes to us from the realms of pathology, inhabited by all such divided personalities as Dr. Jekyll or Peter Schlemiehl.

He never had a basic self, to which he could have been true. From the time he was a child, playing beside his hunchbacked mother in the farmhouse on the hill, he was impelled by mad impulses—to stir up trouble, just to see people's faces change, or to behave like heroes out of the Scripture lessons. As he grew older the fever grew upon him. From being the parish pauper and pariah, he could become in rapid order a lay preacher, easing souls on their way to God; a malicious clerk; and a nameless prisoner serving for six months in the city jail. He no longer wanted merely to imitate, but to see life through other men's eyes, "to be Peter today and Paul tomorrow."

Deception gave him an exquisite pleasure, and he played his parts consciously, creatively. But he wanted his frauds to be the real thing, acts that were not bounded by the footlights: and so after a year on the stage he forged a check in his patron's name and escaped to further exploits. In all this Andreas was not vulgar. He planned forgeries more as a test for his acting powers than from any real love of cash; yet the money was useful, allowing him to travel comfortably, while he assumed any personality which pleased him. Here was a player who never fumbled a gesture, until he knew Sylvia and lost heart for trickery. Loving her, he could not quite lose the character which she had given him, and he could not wholly keep it. Thereupon things began to go downhill for him; and somehow the book goes downhill too, and does not rise with Andreas.

This book stamps Bojer once more as a competent writer, not a high and original talent. Like Hamsun, he is a realist, but not so firm a realist; like Ibsen, he is a preacher at heart, but not so rugged a preacher. He always tells stories well—tells them sparsely and graphically, with flashes of lyric color—but in most of them he falls a victim to his own salvationist impulses. He will begin with great vigor, with the shark-fight in The Great Hunger, or the departure of the Lofoten fishermen in The Last of the Vikings, or the pranks of a fat little boy named Andreas who hummed hymn tunes: but as he proceeds, he cannot keep from spreading himself. In every novel except The Power of a Lie, he clogs the works with his moral musings and will not let the story tell itself to the end.

Handling problems which Hamsun, as a purer artist, would find too deep for any moral solution, Bojer must always be assuring his readers and himself that there is balm in Gilead. So he weakens the latter parts of his books, forsaking the soil in sudden flights of mysticism. Cynics are bad, and God is good, and there is no other choice. Peer, in The Great Hunger, finds peace through turning the other cheek and goes out to sow the field of the neighbor who has harmed him; and Andreas Berget learns that the love of a woman can lift him to ecstatic purity. He has come home to Sylvia through miles of moonlit snow, leaving his falsities and impersonations behind him, and there on her door-step he falls asleep. He dreams that he is a swan, white and soaring, free at last because Sylvia is beside him, and the two of them sing as they fly. Thus he freezes to death, dreaming of Heaven as sweetly as the Little Match-Girl in Hans Christian Andersen.

ROSE LEE.

Told by an Idiot

Told by an Idiot, by Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

MISS MACAULAY, like other satirists, takes as her chief character the Age. She was introduced to American readers by Potterism, in which her hero is the Present, with its chief trait an exaggerated journalism. In Dangerous Ages, she tried an experiment in contemporaneousness by uniting in the family harness the four extant generations, and driving the team four-in-hand abreast, like a charioteer. In Told by an Idiot she has enlarged her pattern and increased her speed, sending the multiplying generations of the Garden family rolling down through the Victorian, fin de siècle, Edwardian and Georgian epochs. The successive decades are outlined by dashing journalistic summaries of their events—the books, plays, pictures, songs, faiths, scandals, crimes, elections, jubilees, and wars by which contemporaries recognized them—and colored by the changing phenomena of life—latchkeys, bicycles, bloomers, cigarettes, cocktails, Morris art, Du Maurier children, Yellow Books, ping-pong, golf, sexual freedom, social settlements, battleships, and automobiles. Mrs. Seymour has used the same method in A Hopeful Journey, but much more sparingly. Miss Macaulay's family is of the modern type with which Mrs. Seymour as well as Miss Sinclair, Miss Delafield and Mr. Forster have made us acquainted, a group of which the members draw each other out in bright, vivid talk, and emphasize in each other a rare and peculiar charm. The Gardens combine to make an admirable vehicle for conveying Miss Macaulay's material, but they are so naturally and easily themselves that we do not think of them as a goods train. In the economy of Miss Macaulay's purpose, however, each individual represents a special type of interest or attention characteristic of the time. There are Mr. Garden, his Victorian earnestness expressing itself in repeated crises of conscience and changes of faith, and his wife who follows his spiritual pilgrimage until it arrives a second time at Roman Catholicism; their children, Maurice the radical pacifist, Victoria the British matron, Rome the fastidious decadent, Stanley the Fabian propagandist of fads and causes, Irving the promoter, Una who returns to the soil; their grandchildren who are caught in the maelstrom of the Great War.

Thus Miss Macaulay achieves with extraordinary thoroughness her examination of the last forty years. She has the flair of the collector whom nothing important escapes, and the joy also, when she exhibits such bibelots of bunk as Mr. Gosse's commitment on Hall Caine's Manxman: "A contribution to literature, and the most fastidious critic," etc. or Rev. R. J. Campbell's discovery that "The New Theology is the gospel of the humanity of God and of the divinity of man." If it were not for these flippancies (and for the fact that the title spits at life) Told by an Idiot might be used as a textbook in modern social history as taught in our colleges.

The title, however, suggests an animus which goes beyond the intention of Miss Macaulay's satire. She has a thesis which is as old as Ecclesiastes: there is nothing new under the sun. "In the eighteen-eighties and nineties our ancestors were talking blandly of the New Woman just as today people babble of the Modern Girl." And by way of corollary she protests against thinking of people in the clichés by which we characterize periods. "The

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Edwardians, like the Elizabethans, the Jacobeans, the Carolines, the Georgians, the Victorians and the neo-Georgians, were a mixed lot. This attempt to class them, to stigmatize them with adjectives is unscientific, sentimental." There is always the saving grace of individuality to relieve the uniform folly and cruelty of the mass. Even in the ghastly climax, when "the idiot's tale held too much of sound and fury to be borne," there are still "amazing flashes of intelligence, of valour, of beauty, of sacrifice, of love." Rome, the most detached of the Gardens, gives the final interpretation:

> A silly story if you will, but a somewhat remarkable one. Told by an idiot, and not a very nice idiot at that, but an idiot with gleams of genius and of fineness. The valiant dust that builds on dust—how valiant, after all, it is. No achievement can matter, and all things done are vanity, and the fight for success, and the world's applause is contemptible and absurd, like a game children play, building their sand castles which shall so soon one and all collapse; but the queer enduring spirit of enterprise which animates the dust we are is not contemptible nor absurd.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Democratic Machine, 1850-1854, by Roy Franklin Nichols. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

A CAREFULLY prepared doctoral dissertation, which, while possessing next to no importance for the history of American society, is an illuminating contribution to the personalities and political methods that dominated our federal government in the middle of the last century.

H. E. B.

Contributors

HENRI BARBUSSE, French author, has published, among other books, Feu and L'Enfer.

WALTER LOCKE is editorial writer on the Nebraska State Journal, a newspaper whose genuine progressivism long antedated the formation of the Progressive party and has since survived unabated.

ALAN D. MCKILLOP is connected with Rice Institute, Houston, Texas.

MARK VAN DOREN is a college instructor in English, and a contributor of poetry and criticism to various magazines.

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HAZEL HALL who lives in Portland, Oregon, has for the past five years frequently contributed poetry to current periodicals. She is the author of Curtains and The Walkers.

ALBERT PARKER FITCH, president of Andover Theological Seminary, Cambridge, from 1909-1917 and later professor of the history of religion at Amherst College, is the author of Religion and the Undergraduate, Can the Church Survive in the Changing Order? and Preaching and Paganism. His most recent book is None So Blind, a novel of Harvard life published by Macmillan.

S. E. MORISON, formerly a lecturer in history at Harvard, is now professor of American history at Oxford University. During the war he served as a private in the United States infantry. Mr. Morison has written, among other books, The History of the Constitution of Massachusetts and The Maritime History of Massachusetts.

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